

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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Our attention is called to the fact that the three stanzas on page 101 of LIVING AGE No. 2220, which are there wrongly attributed to Canon Kingsley, are taken from Longfellow's poem on the Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.

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SNOW.

FROM A SUBURBAN POINT OF VIEW.

COLD clouds on high
Boreas shakes;
Down from the sky
Flutter the flakes—
Flutter and lie.

Red burns the fire;
White gleams the ground,
Housetop and spire;
White all around—
Winter's attire.

Bright is its glow
In the sun's light:
Bright doth it show
Even at night—
Beautiful snow!

What a display!
Vestrymen don't
Clear it away;
Householders won't:
So it must stay.

Walking's a fuss;
Horses can't run
Freely, and thus
Scarce you'll find one
Hansom or 'bus.

News creepeth slow
In from our coasts,
For it lays low
Telegraph-posts—
Wonderful snow!

Then comes a thaw!
Earth her pale dress
Tries to withdraw,
And such a mess
Never you saw.

Damp in the walls,
Down from the roof
Avalanche falls;
Boys, ranged aloof,
Pelt you with balls.

Broad gutters gush;
Through frothy mud
Wildly you rush.
Ne'er since the Flood
Was there worse slush.

Oh, that 'twould go!
Soaking your feet;
Chilling you so;
Swamping the street—
Horrible snow!

St. James's Gazette.

A CITY COURTSHIP.

THE proper place for courting,
By the story-books' reporting,
Is some lane or meadow pathway, out of sight
of town,
With the sweetness blowing over
From the fields of beans and clover,
And the skylark dropping nestward as the
sun goes down.

But I've met my little Sally
At the mouth of Dawson's Alley,
And we've walked along together tow'rds the
Dome of Paul's,
'Mid the jostling crowd that passes
'Neath the flaring lamps and gases,
And the shouting of the drivers, and the news-
boys' calls.

And the lily of the valley
That I gave my little Sally
Was the faded penny bouquet that a flower-
girl sells;
She has never seen one growing,
As it's easy to be showing,
For its birthplace is the Dreamland that's be-
yond Bow Bells.

Oh! it pains me in our walking—
All the oaths and shameful talking,
And the folks that brush her passing, and the
glances bold!
But though evil things may touch her,
They can never hurt or smutch her,
For she turns the dirt to sweetness, as a flower
the mould.

Nay, it's not in country places,
'Mid the fields and simple faces,
Out of sight and sound of evil, that a pure
heart grows;
It is here in London city,
In the sin and shame and pity;
For the pure heart draws its pureness from
the wrong it knows.

When my Sally's sweetness found me,
I was like the men around me;
I was coarse and low and selfish as the beast
that dies;
But her grace began to win me,
And my heart was changed within me,
And I learned to pray from gazing in my
darling's eyes.

Spectator. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

BROWN is my love, but graceful:
And each renowned whiteness
Match'd with that lovely brown loseth its
brightness.
Fair is my love, but scornful,
Yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well
prized.

Songs from Elizabethan Song-Book.

From The Fortnightly Review.

EMIN BEY: GORDON'S LIEUTENANT.

EMIN BEY, the last of Gordon's lieutenant-governors, has just sent news of himself from the centre of Africa. He has dealt the rebels or slave-hunters such a heavy blow that they have had to leave him alone. His subjects, and his negro troops especially, have been true to him through every trial and under great privations. His province, which is two hundred miles long and some hundred and fifty wide, with perhaps one or two millions of inhabitants, was, when he sent the news, secure, for the time, and under his control, and he intended to hold it as long as possible.

Of course if Emin Bey has to leave his people and come away, the slave-traders will have his province; the women and children will be carried away into slavery, and the men will be put to the sword or will die (of small-pox probably) while carrying ivory to the coast yoked two and two like oxen, in the usual fashion.

Something can be done to save both Emin Bey and his province, and his life's work, if we only proceed intelligently. Those who do not care to trouble themselves about that will find the story of Emin Bey and of the negro provinces of the Soudan during the last eight years interesting, curious, and full of adventure. We will try to epitomize it and to indicate its connection with what is now being done on the Congo and elsewhere.

The work of Baker, Gordon, and Emin Bey, in the equatorial province is only a part, though an important part, of the great African drama of this century, which arises from the extensive use of firearms and consequent great extension of the ivory and slave trade on the one side of Africa, and the operations of European philanthropy and civilization on the other—two opposing forces and influences which have now met in the centre. It is the struggle of Christianity with the religion of slavery, of Europeans with half-caste Arabs, for the control of the destinies of Africa. The suppression of the slave-trade at its sources and the civilization of a dark continent is the certain result. The length of the struggle, the condition

of the unhappy natives, the numbers of them that will be left by the time that the struggle is accomplished, are very uncertain indeed.

It is idle to say that as a nation we are not concerned in this movement. The abolitionists in England began it, and have kept it going. The suppression of the slave-trade was the aim of Lord Palmerston's most persistent endeavors. Livingstone, Gordon, and the other chief actors who moved the scene of action from the shores of Africa to the interior are our national heroes. It is too late to say that at any rate these particular provinces on the upper Nile are not our especial concern. General Gordon was sacrificed two years ago rather than restore a certain slave-hunting chief, Zebehr, to power in the Soudan. Why? For fear that the people of these provinces should perish. Moreover Gordon's only avenue of escape was closed to him, the moment he proposed to use it, by an order from Downing Street forbidding him to go south up the Nile with his steamers to join and reinforce Emin Bey. Why? Because he had telegraphed that he had authority from the king of the Belgians to "take over" these provinces for him and to govern and protect them in his name from the Congo, and had added, "This will finish the slave-trade." Our government was jealous lest Belgium should have the sole credit of completing a great work which England had begun, had worked at hard for years, and had come to regard as national. There is no other reason or excuse for that fatal and peremptory order than this, that if the anti-slavery work we had so long fostered in the upper Nile was to be saved and continued, England wished to have the credit of doing so herself. After this we cannot creditably discard, as a philanthropic fad, aims for which we sacrificed deliberately the life of a man like Gordon.

There is little doubt that if Gordon with five steamers full of stores had gone up to Emin and Lupton in 1884, their two provinces would now have been safe, under the jurisdiction of King Leopold. Emin was just then starting for Monbuttu, where his authority had already been obeyed, and where his presence had long

been anxiously awaited and desired by the native princes. The westernmost and most anxious of these princes, Bakangai, lives only two hundred and twenty miles from a point reached about the same time, in the season of low water, by a steamer from Stanley Pool on the Congo; and the discoveries of last year and the state of affairs at present are such that we may expect to hear now at any time that one of these Congo steamers has reached without difficulty direct from Stanley Pool places well within Emin's jurisdiction in Monbuttu, where he recently has been in person. Maps of these districts, and of their big rivers, have already been published in Germany from the surveys of Emin's companion, Dr. Junker, and from Lupton's information; and curiously enough Gordon learnt the full particulars of these important discoveries as soon as he arrived at Khartoum, if not sooner.* We must therefore judge Gordon's plan by the light of these recent discoveries, and not according to our own ignorance.

Gordon went to the Soudan as governor-general solely in order to carry on the anti-slavery work already begun in Emin's province, and to extend it to the Bahr Gazal. He died there because he was ordered by us not to prosecute it for the sole credit of Belgium. Our interest in these remote regions ceased for the time with the fall of Khartoum. We wiped off the long account of English lives lost there under Baker and Gordon in 1871-77, of sympathies aroused, and of hopes for doing good there (not without ultimate advantage to ourselves), as a lost investment. Naturally so; we thought our anti-slavery venture would fall with Khartoum, and that in any case the country was inaccessible. But now the enterprise still stands of its own strength, though unsupported since April, 1883, a peaceful province; and access to it has been found by the Congo.

There are two routes of access; one certain, by the Loika, where, in the dry season at any rate, steamers stop at 23°

* Gordon met the bearer of Dr. Junker's latest maps and news in the Korosko desert on his way up to Khartoum, and the bearer (Bohndorf) had left the two consuls at Khartoum fully acquainted with the details.

30' E.; the other by a big river of which the centre portions are unexplored. At the farthest point reached this river had an average depth of twenty-five feet, a width of six hundred and seventy yards, and a current of one to two feet a second, while nowhere lower down was its width less than six hundred yards, and this was at the time of the year when its waters were at their lowest. The explorer had gone one hundred miles up it in the high-water season before he found he was not in the main Congo; and the Congo is there a stream where for two hundred miles together you cannot, from a small steamer, see the other shore, but only islands, and where observations are taken with a horizon of water, as on a lake. East of latitude 22° alone, this river, the Mobangi-Kuta, is known to drain an area of one hundred and twenty thousand miles, which is larger than all Great Britain and Ireland. If the observations are correct there is an average fall of only *eight inches* to the mile between its mouth and a point upon it (Marra) only sixty miles from the Nile watershed, where it is big and seemingly navigable. This point is only one hundred and twenty miles from Dem Zebher, the capital of the Bahr Gazal, the present centre of the slave-hunters and the base of their operations against Emin Bey, and is the same distance from a stream, which for five months in the year is navigable thence to Khartoum by steamers drawing five feet of water.

We must remember that the Congo waterways *directly* navigable from Stanley Pool (and most of them have been so navigated during seasons of low water) have already been proved to amount to some six thousand miles, and if the unexplored middle of the Mobangi is navigable likewise without interruption, we may add nearly one thousand miles more. A provisional agreement has already been made between the Congo State and a Belgian company for the making of a railway to Stanley Pool from the sea, the company not to be bound till full surveys have been made, and the State offering a large grant in lands situate on the banks of the river, which, by-the-by, have yet to be acquired by treaty with the natives. The surveys

are to be made within a year and a half or two years. The French government too has already sent out its surveyors to see whether a better or a rival line cannot be found inside the French Congo territory. The Portuguese have already contracted for the making of a railway at Loando; the first sod was turned in July, and this line may also in time tap an upper navigable tributary of the Congo. I think we may calculate with reasonable certainty on having a railway to Stanley Pool within a dozen years or thereabouts.

The country between the Congo and Emin Bey is known to be very rich in ivory and caoutchouc, and there are good reasons to suppose that an enterprise for backing him up by this route, so that he may continue to govern supported from the Congo, would permanently pay its way, and repay the cost of starting it. We shall not, however, specify them here.

Let us see how much of the Congo basin has been ravaged by the Nubians and governed by Gordon's lieutenants. The farthest point to the west, so well as we know, where Emin Bey enforced his jurisdiction, and the farthest point south where Gessi enforced his, lie near together on the Makua (chief branch of the Mobangi), where it makes a double Z-shaped bend in lat. 4° N., long. 27° E. In the V-shaped tongue on the north bank (west of long. 27°) Gessi posted ten soldiers to keep the peace between two rival brothers, who were fighting for the lead of their tribe or clan. Gessi died, the soldiers took sides and encouraged the rivals to fight. Dr. Junker appeared in 1881 in his character of "the Pascha's brother" (Gessi's brother), made peace, and got the soldiers to do their duty. In the V-shaped bend to the east of this, on the south bank, another much larger Egyptian garrison, under a certain Hawash, made war on their own account against the natives in order to get slaves. Hawash had a repulse, got reinforcements to avenge it, marched in and forced the chief to take flight. Dr. Junker interposed there too, sent a full report to Emin Bey and implored him to come in person. Emin could not do that; but sent orders that the chief should be restored and the

soldiers withdrawn. This order was obeyed. Monbuttu country, east of this and south of the Makua, had been conquered and garrisoned by Yussuf, the villainous slave-hunting Egyptian governor of the Rohl in 1877, and the garrisons remained in 1883. To the south-west, near Bakangai's on the Bomokandi (a fine navigable affluent of the Makua), Zebehr and his son had for some time been making war on a Zandeh chief, who readily submitted to Gessi, the negroes' protector. On the Kuta, or just north of it, Zebehr's campaigns for ivory and slaves in 1875-6 reached to lat. 23° E., and Zebehr navigated some of these rivers in person before 1875. Lupton's chief agent, Rafai, had a trading-post about one hundred miles west of Bakangai, and he went farther himself and got pretty close to the point on the Loika reached by steamer from Stanley Pool; the Baptist missionary, Mr. Grenfell, found beads amongst the people which were certainly his importation.

From this region came the immense quantity of ivory which Zebehr's son had buried and which will never be found. Two hundred slaves and ten soldiers were employed to bury it; the soldiers were then got to kill the slaves, and Suleiman and a friend then assassinated the soldiers themselves. Suleiman was shot by Gessi. When the friend was captured Gessi sent orders at once to spare him on condition that he produced the ivory, but it was too late, the ruffian had been hanged.

It is no wonder that even the big Zandeh chiefs on the Makua, like Bakangai, were becoming alarmed at the progress of firearms and of the Arab slave-hunters, both private and official. Dr. Junker, after he had made Captain Hawash withdraw, found much confidence reposed in him at Bakangai's court.* He kept promising

* There are many other Zandeh princes besides him, all brothers and cousins, all at feud with each other, especially brothers with brothers, all very glad to have Junker to stay with them and to mediate for them. We know a good deal about several. Bakangai is fairly typical of the patriot chiefs. Others had sold themselves to the slave-hunters, and had accepted armed troops from them to employ in raiding for slaves and ivory; this class of chiefs had no friends after Zebehr and the slave-hunters were expelled, and were thankful

the people there, as elsewhere, a better future, when Emin Bey should come in person, as he had promised to do. Often after saying this the Zandebs would reply to him thus: "Tell us again such sweet tidings. This year of your coming is indeed a happy one for us. Through your words we hope for a better future."

The above instances show how far the Nile slave and ivory traders had reached in the Congo basin. Tippu Tib, the great Zanzibar slave and ivory hunter, a greater captain of freebooters than Zebehr himself, has reached farther. On the Congo itself his bands were met by Stanley in 1883, nearly at 23° E. long., hard at work, at the confluence of the Aruwimi. They had taken five thousand slaves, and had killed probably five times as many as that; one hundred and eighteen villages on the Congo banks alone had been sacked and burnt. Now "the Aruwimi has been swept bare by the Arabs," and it is useless, therefore, as Mr. Grenfell reports to the Baptist Missions secretary, to think of planting a mission there. The Lubiranzi people are making a rather better resistance. On the Lulonga (west of longitude 23°) the tribes are fighting each other to get slaves and ivory to sell. On the upper Sankuru the evidences of a brisk slave-trade with Tippu Tib are numerous; many natives have learnt the east-coast language of his men. All this has been found and seen in trips made by steamer direct from Stanley Pool. Tippu also operates on a big lake west of Victoria Nyanza, which by all our latest information seems certainly to drain into Albert Nyanza. He therefore reaches into the basin of the Nile.

Tippu Tib does not export many slaves over sea, but he exports the greater part of the hundred and sixty tons of ivory shipped annually from Zanzibar. His ivory probably brings him in £70,000 a year; most of the slaves get used up in carrying it to the coast, a land transport of over a thousand miles. Lieutenant Gleerup went through lately by his main route and saw slaves dying like sheep of small-pox, and like infectious diseases, at every camp. It does not matter. On Lake Tanganyika a slave is only worth eight to forty shillings, while ivory is worth ten shillings per pound, at the coast. The Congo State commander there says that half of them die in the three months' journey. The rest find a ready market

amongst the richer African tribes. The only way to stop this slave business is to confiscate all the ivory that is transported overland, unless it can be shown to be honestly got, and honestly transported. Tippu knows this perhaps, and, for the moment, is on his good behavior. The Congo State officer at Stanley Falls, where some thousands of Tippu's troops have their headquarters, refused lately to give up to them a fugitive slave. There was a great row, and the little Congo State force of forty men was evidently only saved from extermination* by orders from Tippu Tib to his lieutenant not to precipitate the inevitable collision of east and west. A time will come when Tippu will have to fight or yield. At present he is supreme on the upper Congo.

Between the Nile slave-hunters and the east-coast slave-hunters such as Tippu, Emin Bey's province stands out like a promontory. The most solid part of it is the old settled "equatorial" district, on the Nile between Lado and Lake Albert, two hundred miles long and a hundred and fifty wide, in much of which Emin Bey collected a regular tax of grain, and which was all in perfect order from 1878 to 1883 at least.

Westward his province stretches to 27° E., narrowing as it goes. There is here perhaps a breadth of a hundred and fifty miles only between the country raided by Tippu and that raided by the Mahdi's slave-hunters since the fall of Lupton in the Bahr Gazal. It is in this strip of country on the Makua that a stand against the slave-trade should be made.

West and north of Emin's jurisdiction lie the Zandebs, occupying, as the dominant race, almost the whole of the country drained by the Makua and Kuta (*i.e.*, Mobangi), east of 23° and west of the Monbutus. They are probably intensely alarmed and much harried since Lupton's fall, and as many of them served with distinction and fought with great bravery and devotion under Lupton and Gessi, we may imagine that they would not be sorry to see another white man, especially one like Dr. Junker, who would compose their internal dissensions and combine their nation against their oppressors.

Of the state of the equatorial province proper under Emin Bey's rule, we have many interesting particulars, of which some may be cited here to show how the great anti-slavery enterprise here started

to be reconciled to their compatriots by Dr. Junker's mediation.

* Since this was written we hear that the Congo State station there has been abandoned.

by Sir S. Baker and established firmly by Gordon, has flourished under his hands.

Emin Bey (1878-83) had a score of stations and a post fortnightly between them and Lado. The post-runners had their way-bills marked with the times of their departures and arrivals. All through Shuli country he levied a regular tax of grain, so many measures from each household. It was paid regularly, deliverable at the chief stations. Messrs. Felkin and Wilson saw the grain being delivered at the government stores, and the convoys bringing it in (twenty porters in charge of one soldier). They testify that it was cheerfully paid. These people were industrious agriculturists, much in want of protection. Under Emin's rule they always went out to work in the fields unarmed, a most unusual thing in central Africa. They would run up to the soldiers and porters of the traveller's caravan (Emin's men) to ask the news, and would carry a rifle or a pack a bit of the way for the privilege of having a chat. The soldiers were in many cases billeted out *singly* in villages to act as policemen, to see to the grain-tax, and to report to headquarters whatever was amiss. If such a solitary policeman-soldier fell ill the villagers would make a litter and carry him in to the nearest station.

At one place there were brick buildings being put up; at Bedden a wire-rope ferry over the Nile; at Laboré a boat-building yard, and the four trained Indian elephants that Gordon had sent up from Suakim overland; at Dufflé there were the two steamers in good order that Gordon had carried up in pieces, and had used on Albert Nyanza. At Lado everything was arranged and ordered as in a big boys' school. Strict punctuality and strict discipline were enforced. Emin said he found this the only way in which to rule easily over subjects who, like children, wanted schooling, and got to like it. There was absolutely no crime, Emin said, and he put this down to the good effect of his order, method, and scholastic discipline. There was a roll-call at Lado, a lock-up at nightfall, and a curfew; a morning hour, after which fires might be lighted; a signal for going out to work in the fields, another for beginning and ending the midday rest, and so on, all done by bugle-call.

Emin's soldiers were Makarakas, that is to say, Zandebs. They were proving both brave, orderly, and punctual.* Most

of the officers were native blacks, the rest Nubians and Egyptians. These latter were encouraged to marry natives, and the missionaries assisted at the marriage of an Egyptian artillery officer with a native bride, which was celebrated with much festivity.

This was all in 1879.* Emin Bey's own letters and others show the continuing improvement of the province after that date. No supplies or steamers had reached the province when Messrs Wilson and Felkin were there for two years. The Nile had got blocked. In the next year (1880) there were several, in 1881 three. In 1881 the province was in such good order that Emin made a tour of inspection in the Rohl, caught four hundred petty slave-dealers there (a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles to the north-west of Lado), and went down to Khartoum for three months (December, 1881 to March, 1882), carrying this crew of four hundred vagabonds with him. The balance-sheet of the province for that year showed a net profit of £8,000. Emin then was almost single-handed. Lupton had been sent to help him for a time (1880-81), but he had no other European assistance except a Greek, who frankly confessed that his only object was to make money quickly and retire. He has had three or four Egyptian secretaries throughout; he wanted another, and his "worst enemy" was sent up to him, whom he sent back by the same steamer.

In July, 1882, "the greatest quiet reigned in his province, and his relations with the neighboring chiefs were steadily improving. Monbuttu and Rohl had been put under his jurisdiction a year before. The governor-general now gave him jurisdiction over the Sobat River, and the promise of a small steamer for his own use on it, which, however, never came. He was planning, if he got the steamer, to

do not know how to describe to you the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout a long war, which for them, at least, had no advantage. Deprived of the most necessary things, for a long time without pay, my men fought valiantly, and when at last hunger weakened them, when, after nineteen days of incredible privations and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten, they cut a way through their enemies, and succeeded in saving themselves. All this hardship was undergone without the least *arrière pensée*, without even the hope of any appreciable reward, prompted only by their duty and the desire of showing a proper valor before their enemies. If I ever had any doubts of the negro the history of the siege of Amadi would have proved to me that the black race is in valor and courage inferior to no other, while in devotion and self-denial it is superior to many."

* See Wilson and Felkin's *Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan*.

* And on December 31, 1885, Emin Bey writes: "I

cut a road overland to the Sobat, to put stations on the road and river, and to run a postal service that way to Khartoum to avoid the constant blocks by the *sudd* on the Nile. He anticipated a good revenue for that year. Lado had become quite "a flourishing place, the gardens were thriving and the negroes generally were beginning to cultivate something more than pumpkins and dhurra."*

In 1883 he went again to settle the Rohl district or province, and had to send troops. In the equatorial province itself, he says, "We live here as if there was no Egypt, no Khartoum, no Mahdi. Negroes and soldiers are devoted to me." "The officials had learned to be as honest as possible," as early as 1881, though the Greek above-mentioned, it is true, had not then arrived. Our last news from Emin, till the other day, was in April, 1883.

The Rohl district and Bahr Gazal province have had a very different history. The Bahr Gazal was the domain of Zebehr and of his son, the Rohl of various small traders in ivory and slaves. They were not touched till Gessi went up in 1878 and fought his famous campaign in the Bahr Gazal. On one occasion a lucky hit made with his very last rocket, on another the chance arrival of two kegs of gunpowder during the night, saved him from destruction. In the last attack made on him the slave-hunters stood in the rear of their own slave troops with drawn swords, and cut off the heads of those who wavered or hung back. Gessi was left unsupported in 1880, by which time he was supreme and very popular with his black subjects. He tried to get down to Khartoum in a rotten old steamer, badly provisioned, got caught in the *sudd*, and was not rescued till after the black crew had begun to eat each other, and three-quarters of them had died of hunger. He never recovered from these sufferings, and died a few months after at Suez. Lupton went up to the Bahr Gazal in December, 1881, after an interregnum, banished the slave-hunting traders who had crept in, and got things in such good order that he offered to send £62,000 worth of ivory or caoutchouc annually to Khartoum if they would send him regularly by steamer to his

river port, £35,000 a year in goods (Khartoum prices) according to his order, he paying all the expenses of his government and of his troops, and rendering no further accounts. Soon after this, however, the Mahdi's adherents attacked him in force. He lost his best captain, Rafai, and a third of his fifteen hundred regular troops in battle in the summer and autumn of 1883, and in December was thankful for the gift of three hundred caps from Bohndorf, so nearly had his ammunition run out. The steamer that left him in December, 1883, was the last on those waters; he got no further help; his Nubian or Arab agents forsook him, and by their treachery he was taken in the summer of 1884, and has been a prisoner in the rebel camp or at Khartoum ever since. The slaves captured by the victors on his downfall were "exceedingly numerous."* The Bahr Gazal has thus twice been governed by a European for a period of two or two and a half years.

The Rohl has never been so governed at all. A certain Yussuf Bey, of whom we know a good deal, and nothing creditable, got appointed to its government as soon as he heard that Gordon was coming back as governor-general (in 1877). He chose it no doubt as an out-of-the-way place, with bad water communication, where he would have a free hand. He took his family and all his relations with him, meaning to stop there amassing money till Gordon should again depart. Gessi's arrival was so unwelcome that he tried to poison him. At that time his rule was a prodigy of wickedness. He tortured forty negroes on one occasion to find where three tusks of ivory had been hidden. He attacked King Murza of the Monbutts unprovoked, broke up the nation, killed the captive king, and put garrisons on the banks of the big Welle Makua. The chiefs who resisted him if taken were made eunuchs of; those too stubborn to fetch much, even thus, as slaves, were buried alive in the ground up to their necks and so left to die. Gordon

* The letter reporting to the Mahdi the conquest of the Bahr Gazal is in the appendices to Gordon's last journals. Lupton had written to his family that he meant, when his ammunition gave out, to take to the woods along with his faithful Zandebs, armed with nothing but a spear, adding that "a spear is as good as a gun in the long grass, for in it you can't see an enemy till he is within two or three yards." His family, who knew his character, thought he had done this, and long refused to believe that he could have been taken alive by any means at all. Lupton spent all his spare time while governor in hunting big game—buffaloes, elephants, and rhinoceros, and had killed some hundreds of them and had not had a day's sickness. He was taken by treachery.

* We now learn *inter alia* that his people had learnt to weave cloth for themselves long ago, but in quite insufficient quantities. He had introduced the cultivation of cotton himself, and in 1882 had found that six pounds of cotton-seed he had given away in one place had yielded six thousand pounds of cotton the first year, which was then being made into cloth by a native weaver.

made him return, but in November, 1879, anarchy and Yussuf's numerous relatives still reigned in the country. Messrs. Wilson and Felkin found in one place fifteen hundred armed slave troops belonging to the slave-hunters, in another three thousand slavers of various sorts. Mr. Felkin bought a dog and found that he had been trained to fly at every naked person, but not at those who were clothed. On inquiry he found that the law of the land was that no native woman might wear any clothing at all, unless she was owned by some Arab or Nubian, or other slave-hunting master. Any unclothed woman, therefore, was fair game, and belonged to the first person who could catch her. The dog was a bloodhound in fact by trade, and knew his business.

All the cattle, which had once been numerous, had disappeared from the country round the settlements. The armed foreign vagabonds lived by raiding for cattle, but kept none.

The state of things so described continued till the end of 1881. Emin Bey then took a tour of inspection. The people fled at his approach, though nearer Lado, where they had heard of him, they had dances in honor of his arrival. The natives were far more miserable and oppressed than when Wilson and Felkin went through in 1879. There were fakirs or holy men going about with five or six armed blacks at their backs picking up slaves by force or fraud. One had just trapped twenty-six in Monbuttu. Yussuf's relatives were there, and hundreds of Dongolawi also, each with his family and four or five slaves apiece to each man. These Dongolawi were peasants from the banks of the Nile; they had emigrated to avoid the Bashi-Bazouk tax-gathering in the Soudan. "At home they carried mud, and worked a sakkiyeh" (to irrigate their date-trees and crops), "here they carried a gun," and were lords of the land. Their settlements were a mass of filth, vice, quarrels, and slaves. Emin, with his escort of ten men, could not do much; still he liberated here one hundred and sixty-five, here one hundred and eighty, here three hundred slaves. He then returned, sent troops, and captured four hundred of the fakirs, Dongolawi, and other slave-traders, and deported them as above mentioned.

A year after he was sent for in haste. Abdullah abd es Sammat (an old acquaintance of the English public) had taken the lead amongst the slavers and vagabonds,

and was cutting off the hands, feet, and noses of unoffending negroes right and left, to show them that he must be obeyed. Emin went to investigate, and found that the country was full of the fugitive slave dealers and hunters whom Lupton was chasing out of the Bahr Gazal, and the negroes brought to him a few fakirs and petty dealers, whom they had caught so escaping, for punishment. He went back to Lado, got more troops, garrisoned Gok, Rumbeck, and other places on the river Rohl (about January, 1883), and made the Dongolawi whom he could not expel, behave themselves and keep the peace. Gok was attacked the ensuing autumn by the rebels, and Rumbeck was taken by storm, and its garrison of three hundred and many of the resident Dongolawi were put to the sword. Probably the Rohl valley was never recovered by Emin, but he has reported his decisive victory at Rimo in 1885, since which the rebels have left him alone, and the escape of the garrison of Amadi, both places on the Rodi, which is his next line of defence. He has now no doubt evacuated all his stations in the Rohl district.

The situation of these battle-fields of 1885 shows, I think, that the rebels have not been able to get up the Nile to Lado, or else that the khalif Abdullah at Khar-toum, who has all Gordon's steamers, does not care to try. Probably the sudd has re-formed and blocks the way. It generally blocks the Bahr Gazal too when it once forms. Besides, the *Times* reported that the Shilluk negroes below the sudd region lately captured one of these steamers. If this is so, the attacks on Emin have for their base Dem Zebehr in the Bahr Gazal, and the line of advance against him is south-east parallel to the Congo watershed, across many rivers. In the wet seasons (May—October) these attacks overland will probably cease.

The difference between the descriptions of the Rohl district and of the equatorial province proper shows the good that has been done, and can be done by a few good men in the very centre of Africa. The condition of the Rohl is that of the whole slave-trade region. That the natives prefer peace and security is shown by the support Emin Bey has found amongst them. That philanthropy combined with trade and government can be made to pay is proved by Lupton and Emin alike. Dr. Junker has found the channels by which it must advance. He will be here himself in the spring, and will tell us more, for

instance, about his explorations of 1883 on the Makua, S.W. and W.S.W. of Semio. There are persons here who want to act before then. The Berlin Congo Congress authorized one legal method of action—consular jurisdiction for the suppression of the slave-trade on Congo waters, and the establishment there of gun-boats by any signatory nation that chooses to act. The khedive's existing authority supplies another within the limits indicated. English responsibilities have been noticed above. English interests are considerable as long as we hold Suakim, the sole entrance to the Nile valley from the north. Other nations are in the field. Italy, for instance, has sent a government explorer to the Mobangi, and the Italian minister of commerce has notified that any well-considered and well-supported Italian scheme of action in that direction will receive government support.

The success of any such enterprise, however, depends mainly on the character of the agents acting in the far interior. Emin Bey would be of more value than any other. The order and self-sufficiency of his province prove great ability and energy. He is known to possess considerable and varied scientific attainments, the mastery of many languages (German, French, Italian, English, and Turkish), great powers of conciliation, and much political discretion and experience.

Emin Bey's own private letters show that his ambitions and interests are solely centred on the success of his work in Africa, and that he has kept to his work in a high spirit of self-devotion which deserves rather more than a passive acknowledgment from us. We have his letters written when he might have left Africa at pleasure, and might have accepted Gordon's invitation to join him in Palestine. In one he says, "If I die, who will take this work up? I think only of that." In another, "Much as I should like to see you again, I am too much needed here to think of leaving my post. My life will probably end without our ever meeting again." In a third, speaking of his province and work in 1883, after the Mahdi's rebellion had gathered force, "Time is wanted, but from the seed I have tried to sow, doubtless good fruit will spring up. If I am happy enough to see it, so much the better; if I die, well, *In magnis voluisse sat est.*" These letters were written by a man who detested cant and humbug, and they show that he has not stopped where he is only because he cannot get out J. T. WILLS.

From Temple Bar.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S WINDOW.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

THE philosopher was a middle-aged man; sad-looking, as are most philosophers. He had come to the country to enjoy his short holiday quite alone. He was a great scholar, who wrote lengthy and curious articles in severe magazines, and who had the right of tacking to his name an extraordinary number of the letters of the alphabet (being a fellow of of many known and unknown societies), although his friends, when addressing him, mostly translated such hieroglyphics into the one short word, "etc."

It was easy to see that this was a learned man; for, as he leaned out of the window as far as he could push himself (and it was a very narrow, cottage-like lattice window), a big bald place on the top of his head shone startlingly in the afternoon light, and the furrows across his brow seemed very deep indeed.

He was contentedly taking a quiet and careful survey of the novel locality in which he found himself. An artist friend had recommended this quiet spot to him.

"I want to vegetate," the philosopher had said, "where I shall not hear the scream of a steam-engine; where I shall not see any women in their distorted modern costumes; where no one will expound political theories, nor trouble me with flip-pant questions concerning the apteryx or the megatherium."

"I know the place," replied the artist, confidently; "the very place for you." And thereupon ensued an explanation which enabled our philosopher, after a short and hot journey from London, to find himself in this rural dwelling.

From the lattice window, which jutted out at a height of some twenty feet above the ground, he looked down into a small courtyard which might almost have been termed a garden, for therein grew a profusion of rosebushes and early summer flowers. A garden almost, though sometimes treated like a drying-ground (as a cord stretched from the wall to a distant pear-tree bore witness); also considered a fit abode for the house-dog, whose kennel stood in full view, and, above all, as a convenient place of stowage, a corner for water-butts and household implements and the storing of fuel, of which there was a goodly quantity heaped up against the green-blue palings. Assuredly, the whole effect was eminently picturesque.

The house, which belonged to the

mill, was quaint, gabled, and rambling; from time immemorial it had formed part of the old mill. On one side stretched a long, low, tile-roofed barn, beyond which the big mill-wheel, when put in motion, sent the water foaming and tumbling like the waters at Lodore:—

Rattling and battling
And shaking and quaking
And pouring and roaring
And waving and raving.

But the wheel was quiet now, and a sense of deep repose pervaded the scene. The mill-stream stole lazily along its wonted course, passing silently under the broad white road which formed a sort of primitive and but slightly elevated bridge, and, coming out on the other side silvery and peaceful, oozing away between the sedges, and meandering across green fields that were in some parts little more than a morass, whilst grey willows and alders stretched forth their pale branches against the paler grey sky.

The sun was but faintly glimmering, and the afternoon seemed inclined to that heavy shining haze, sometimes seen in early summer, which, in its effect upon the landscape is singularly lovely, though such subdued peacefulness is apt to engender a slight melancholy in the mind of the beholder. Some of the old Dutch masters have well understood the charm of quiet meadowy landscapes, bathed in translucent mist, and have rendered them on canvas so marvellously that we seem almost to realize the grey serenity of thought as well as of surroundings.

The philosopher was not an artist, however. It must be owned that, if anything, his eyes were somewhat weak and short-sighted; possibly the ancient texts and crabbed manuscripts he loved to decipher should be blamed for his defective vision. Yet, as he leaned out of the window, he made himself acquainted with the view as best he could, but he appeared only moderately satisfied; nay, an angry frown suddenly puckered his shaggy eyebrows. He heard a child's voice overhead—in this lay a potent cause of discontent.

He knew indeed that the miller was likely to take other lodgers besides himself, but it had not occurred to him that he might be troubled during so brief a holiday by the noise and general aggravation of children.

Meditating morosely and with dismal forebodings, he heard a patter, patter in the room above his own. Then, mercifully, all was still again. He craned out

of the window, but could see nothing overhead save a row of closed lattice windows, jutting out more or less, and half shrouded by climbing roses and other creepers. Thereupon, proceeding to lean his arms on the narrow sill, he struck a match, lit his pipe, and tried hard to rest his brain and think of nothing. Half an hour previously he had already lighted a match, tearing from the old-fashioned fireplace its gaudy ornaments of green and pink paper, and demanding of the miller's much astonished wife the wherewithal to make a fire.

To himself he argued thus: firstly, all rooms in the country are more or less damp; secondly, this particular room must necessarily be damp; thirdly, a fire in the grate is always the best weapon with which to combat damp.

He even grimly calculated in the following manner: A country room + many inconveniences \times severe draughts — a comfortable bed = a cold in the head + rheumatism = x (that is to say, an unknown quantity of sufferings and miseries).

Consequently, wood and coals were fetched and a fire was ignited, though the miller's wife went murmuring down-stairs, half surprised, half indignant, throwing up her hands, and exclaiming when she reached the kitchen (where there was scarce a red ember left) on the impossibility of accounting for "them Lunnon gentlemen."

The philosopher, however, bore it all calmly; for, indeed, it is usual with philosophers, whenever they get their own way, to take things calmly. So it happened that this learned man, after assuring himself that his fire burned clearly and well, whilst his slippers and easy-coat hung warming close by, had finally opened the window and leaned out to breathe the warm, soft air.

It was warm, certainly. Little, gentle puffs of wind, more properly to be called zephyrs, came round the elder-trees and lilac-bushes, making the leaves tremble, yet scarcely lifting them; whilst the smoke of the philosopher's pipe rose straight and slowly, curling up towards the windows of the other lodgers, possibly annoying them, as the smoker reflected with some gratification; for at that very moment patter, patter went the little footsteps again over his head.

Down in the courtyard a fat hen strolled around the kennel of the house-dog (who was absent, as his long chain lying on the gravel testified), anxiously followed by her brood of chickens.

The philosopher of course understood the language of birds and animals. It was perfectly plain to him that the clucking hen was inciting her offspring to pick up whatever crumbs or fragments of edibles might be found in close proximity to the kennel during the absence of its somewhat alarming occupant. He obtained nevertheless but little amusement in watching the homely chickens. Raising his eyes, he noticed a slender swallow, resting at the edge of an old chimney which projected from the roof of a small outhouse close to the barn.

The swallow, a pretty, graceful creature, was mournfully singing in a kind of warbling undertone.

"O my love!" she sang; "shall I ever see thee again, thee whom I left lying on the burning strand of Africa? It seems long, long since we parted, there, where we hovered so oft over the fragrant pool on the borders of the desert, under green palm-trees. Thou couldst not follow with thy broken wing; thou couldst but lie and gaze reproachfully at me whilst my mother hurried me away. 'Come, come, O child!' she said; 'let us fly across the wide, blue sea to northern shores. Come, we are tarrying behind the rest; we must wait no longer.' Then was I fain to leave thee. We had sung together and dreamed of this northern land, the nest we were to inhabit, and the happy days we should spend. Now, alas, I have lost thee, and my thoughts go back to thee always. I yearn for the time when I shall recross the wide, salt sea, and find thee, perchance, waiting for me under our own palm-trees by yon sweet, dark pool."

The philosopher listened, but the swallow was silent—he could hear no more.

"Σὺ μὲν φίλη χελιδὼν," he murmured, remembering Anacreon.

A few yards from the pretty bird, on the roof of the barn, a common brown sparrow hopped to and fro, twittering.

"Alack, alack," she chirped, "times are hard; I am weary and worn out. What it is to be the mother of a family, busy and responsible, with more work to do than I can possibly get through, and my brood by no means as helpful as they should be! Ah, that was an unfortunate day when my mate got caught in a trap and killed—a sad, sad day for me! He was a good fellow, useful enough in his way, poor dear; and 'tis hard to feed all these young mouths, and hard to keep the nest tidy! There sits that foolish swallow again, hanging her head and looking sentimental. She knows nothing of the trou-

bles of this workaday world. She might help me a bit, though, perhaps."

The philosopher looked suddenly round; he thought he heard a noise in the room. But no, it was only the crackling of the coals in the cheerful fire. When he resumed his contemplation of the landscape, he saw that the sparrow had sidled up a little in the direction of the swallow, whilst the latter was softly murmuring again:—

"Ah, my love, my love! No one can ever be to me what thou hast been! Here comes that vulgar sparrow; I am not going to speak to her, however. I wonder if the pushing little busybody ever heard of the good lesson which my cousins gave to one of her species who had the audacity to enter their former nest and make herself at home in it. They called upon their relations, high-born as themselves, and all of them, bringing clay in their beaks, walled in the base intruder, who perished miserably. Yes, yes," continued the swallow, "I prithee do not come near me."

"Cheep! cheep!" chirped the sparrow, hopping defiantly. "No wonder you look stiff and thin, poor dear! My granny told me once how she had heard tell that swallows lie at the bottom of the pond all of a heap, the winter through.* Cheep, cheep!"

"Foolish birds!" quoth the philosopher musingly. "Why on earth don't they make friends? Silly, selfish creatures!" At that moment he drew his head in from the window somewhat rapidly. There was certainly a knock at the door. A timid knock; then another.

"Come in!" shouted the philosopher; but as no one answered, he strode to the door and opened it.

Outside stood a child, a little boy, with a sharp, thin face and bright dark eyes; poor in aspect and in clothing. He carried a large black kettle, which seemed heavy for his small strength. He looked up in silence.

"Ha, the sparrow!" murmured the philosopher. Then aloud,—

"What may you want, young sir?"

"Will you please heat this 'ere kettle on your fire?" asked the child with calm intelligence. "There ain't none nowhere else."

"Come in, you young imp."

The little visitor, with a quick nod, obeyed.

"What do you want hot water for?"

"Mother."

* A rural tradition.

"Did your mother tell you to come?"

"Mother's sick."

The child meanwhile, with puny, active hands, had already quickly lifted the kettle on to the coals, deliberately poking the latter so as to suit his purpose.

His host, hands in pockets, watched the intruder with mild amaze. The boy apparently felt no shyness, but as he stood by the fireplace, himself stared coolly round, taking a mental inventory of the room, and finally bringing his dark eyes to bear on the philosopher's enquiring countenance, whilst a curious smile flitted over his childish pinched features.

"You're a queer little chap!" ejaculated his new friend. "How old are you?"

"Six."

"What's your name?"

"Rupert."

"A good name. Prince Rupert was a fine fellow."

"I ain't no prince."

"I dare say not."

"And mother ain't no princess."

"Have you no father?"

"Father's dead. He died of an accident last year."

"The sparrow again!" thought the philosopher. Then he asked: "How did you know I had a fire, eh?"

"I smelt it," answered the child quickly. "I heerd it, too, when I was outside on the landing; and Mrs. Dolland (that's miller's wife, you know) told me when she carried up the wood to light it."

"A train of argument!" exclaimed the philosopher, smiling. "Over many reasons, in fact, my boy; one were enough to make me believe you. Moreover, if two negatives make an affirmative, who shall say what may come of three affirmatives?"

"Hey?" asked Rupert distrustfully.

"You remind me," said the philosopher, leaning back in his chair and refilling his pipe—"you remind me of the Scotchman, who, when he was invited to a friend's house, answered: 'I never dine out on Sundays—besides, I'm engaged.'"

Here it will be seen that the philosopher was not himself content with one line of argument; but even philosophers find it difficult always to practise what they preach. Rupert, however, nodded gravely, and dropped the discussion.

"Water's boiling," he said laconically, proceeding to lift the kettle off the fire. Then, with a short "Thankee, sir," he hurried out of the room, staggering under his heavy burden.

His host listened to the patter of the child's retreating footsteps. "Poor little chap!" he thought; then, with a long sigh which breathed forth innumerable unsolved problems, he returned to his place at the open window. The swallow was still perching at the edge of the old chimney, but the sparrow was gone; only across an ill-kept piece of lawn hopped a fat blackbird, with yellow beak digging for its prey, whilst a flight of small birds alighted twittering on the roof of the barn not far from the desolate swallow. Presently they flew away, and the sparrow made its appearance once more from under the eaves, and hopped jauntily towards the swallow.

"Stupid little devils!" ejaculated the philosopher. "Why don't they make friends?"

He drew in his head impatiently, wearied with the monotony of thought and the greyness of the landscape, and busied himself unpacking the contents of his portmanteau—viz., a few books (mostly in worn, ancient bindings), a good store of writing-paper, a solid, well-filled inkstand, a comfortable quantity of tobacco, a small medicine-chest, and other useful items.

He had been thus occupied for a short time only when, somewhat to his surprise, there came another knock at the door—a soft tapping which he instantly recognized to be Rupert's.

"Ha, ha," said the learned man to himself, "chirp the second!" And aloud he added,—

"Come in."

The door was opened awkwardly, almost roughly; and on the threshold, as before, stood the little boy with pinched face and dark eyes, staggering under the weight of the big black kettle.

"What is it?" asked the philosopher in quite a friendly tone.

"Will you please heat this 'ere kettle on your fire? There ain't none nowhere else."

"All right! Rupert, put the kettle on! Kismet! This is the finger of fate, isn't it, my boy?"

Rupert gazed up wonderingly and a little reproachfully; he was engaged in steadying the kettle on the coals.

The philosopher sat down in front of the fire. He felt very amiably disposed towards his little guest. He was truly desirous not to imitate the morose behavior of the swallow, but he was unused to children, and conversation with this child seemed especially difficult. He could not imagine how to begin. Certainly he might

not express an opinion that Rupert had grown, never having seen the boy before to-day; and yet he recollected that his friends mostly endeavored to propitiate children by exclaiming, "How you *have* grown, my dear!"

Carefully scanning the tiny, neat figure before him, it seemed to him that little Rupert was clad in clothes that were old, shabby, and almost threadbare, though laboriously mended at elbows and knees. What could be the child's position in life? The philosopher, being timid, dared not even hint at it. He was accustomed to see, opposite his own lodgings in London, the greengrocer's son wending his way to church every Sunday morning clad in a rich blue velvet suit, whilst the children of a noble marquis, at whose castle the learned man had but lately been sojourning, careered about the country in homespun garments which seemed indeed little better than rags. On one hand, Rupert's conversation did not betoken much cultivation; but, on the other hand, do we not all speak the language of our associates? And who should say that this young gentleman had not too closely imitated the conversation of some friendly stableman?

The worst of philosophy is, that those who ponder on subtle questions and distinctions often get hopelessly entangled in the maze of their own speculations. Thus it was that, when the philosopher finally spoke, he did not say anything he had wished to say.

"You—you like marbles?" he asked, somewhat irrelevantly.

The laconic Rupert nodded.

"And—and tops?" continued the learned man insinuatingly. "I dare say you often play in the—the garden here?"

"Mother's sick," replied Rupert gravely.

"Ah, yes, of course, of course. But we must hope she will be better soon, eh? And now, tell me; what do you mean to do when you are grown up?"

"Look after mother," said Rupert curtly.

"You are a good boy, a very good boy, a *very good* boy indeed," said his host meditatively. "Follow in your father's footsteps, eh? Pity he got caught in a trap, wasn't it?"

"Father wasn't caught in no trap!" answered Rupert indignantly.

"No, no, no, of course not! How very foolish of me!" exclaimed the philosopher with hasty repentance.

There was a pause, a terrible pause. The learned man felt himself falling lower and lower in the estimation of his young

visitor, whilst growing more and more unable to continue the conversation.

He was desperately anxious to be kind. He had already meditated the bestowal of a half-crown piece in Rupert's tiny palm, having often heard that boys like "tips;" but he now concluded that this bestowal would be, to his own shy nature, too fiery an ordeal.

In the tumult of his thoughts he even contemplated the possibility of a journey up-stairs to make acquaintance with the boy's mother. If she were ill, was it not almost his duty so to do? Was not sympathy one of the most beautiful of human feelings? Was it not in this, more than in all else, that the perfectibility of man (especially when considered relatively to the instincts of beasts and birds) could be most properly evinced? It is true that if Rupert's mother in any way resembled Rupert, she might prove, despite her illness, to be a truly alarming woman. Women are at all times prone to be alarming; a sick woman above all. The philosopher recollected that sick women often develop very strange fancies indeed. Still there was, without doubt, that necessity of sympathy. Surely he could approach her by means of carrying the large black kettle. It would be a difficult, nay dangerous experiment, perhaps, for he was not used to kettles; yet—

Thus pondering in his perplexity, the philosopher slowly proceeded to "change his feet," as it is called in the north; that is to say, to take off his boots, and push his large, warmly stockinged feet into his comfortable slippers.

Then he once more resumed the conversation.

"Have you been here long, my boy?"

"Four weeks."

"You live in London?"

"Yes."

"You like London?"

Rupert stared.

"Ah, well, well," continued the philosopher hastily; "and how are all the aunts and uncles?"

"I ain't got none."

"No, of course not; of course not. And no brothers and sisters. Eh, what?"

"No," replied Rupert gravely.

"Grandpapa and grandmamma, perhaps?" asked the philosopher jocosely.

"Yes," said Rupert.

"I thought so! I was certain of it. Do they live in London?"

"No."

"Ah! that's a pity. And what do you do all day?"

"Stay with mother."

"And go to school?"

"No."

"I dare say your mother teaches you. What do you read?"

"Mother's books."

The philosopher rubbed his hands gently together. "And so, and so, of course," he continued, ruminating and scarce knowing what he was saying — "and so, having nobody else, of course you're very fond of mother?"

"Mother's ill — very ill," murmured the child in a tremulous undertone; and as he uttered the words two great tears began to trickle down his pale little cheeks. Thereupon he turned his back to the philosopher, and summoning all his puny strength, lifted the kettle quickly and violently from the fire.

The water was boiling, nay, almost boiling over, and the child was nervous and half blinded by his quickly rising tears. The kettle swayed in his little hands, and before the philosopher had time to jump up and proffer his help, a great quantity of the scalding contents poured out, drenching one of the learned man's feet (which, being slippered, was but poorly protected), and causing him the most unutterable pain.

"D——n! d——n!! d——!!!" shouted the philosopher wildly in quick monosyllables, as he stood stamping with agony midst a burning and steaming pool. "You horrid little boy! Get out of my room! get out at once! What do you mean by coming down here and scalding me? Oh, oh! I do believe you've burnt the very skin off! Get out of my sight, you abominable, insufferable child!" In anger he limped to the door and threw it open. "Get out! get out!" he repeated in fierce rage; for his pain, as well as his anger, was increasing every moment.

Rupert's sorrowful eyes were lifted with a look that meant more of reproach than contrition. He uttered never a word, however, though his cheeks grew paler even than before; and carrying his heavy burden cautiously with both hands, he hurriedly crossed the room and passed out, and the patter of his feet died away as he quickly reached the top of the stairs.

The learned man having shut his door and locked it, sank with a groan into his chair, and applied some remedies to his foot, which was certainly sadly injured.

For the next ten minutes he anathematized his young visitor in what is often called "good honest Saxon," after which

ebullition his feelings (though not his outer cuticle) experienced some relief.

The long summer's day was closing in, and the grey afternoon stillness had deepened into twilight. The scholar took out a small lamp which formed part of his travelling paraphernalia, selected a volume of Rabelais, and settled himself down to read.

As the evening wore on, the book lay occasionally unread upon his knees. His thoughts recurred again and again to Rupert, who had with such burning ingratitude repaid his hospitality. He tried hard to bring all his philosophy to bear upon the question. "There is no doubt," thought he, "that in doing any kindness we put ourselves in the way of unknown perils."

The pain in his foot was beginning to subside. "Poor little chap!" murmured the philosopher gently. Nay, once or twice he rose from his chair and hobbled painfully to the door, unlocked it with precaution, and peered out and listened. He was conscious of a strange hankering to go up-stairs and visit Rupert's mother; he even wished to see once more the little tormentor who had parboiled him. Whenever he listened, however, he heard voices that parleyed, and steps hurrying to and fro. There was much of what he called "fuss" in the air. Even Mrs. Dolland was up-stairs; the serving-girl also — he could hear them in close consultation.

Was it possible to face womankind under such circumstances? Is not a sick-room above all things a place where women reign supreme, and where learning is decidedly at a discount, if not also male sympathy and kindly ignorance? Could he but be certain that Rupert's mother were, as he liked to imagine her, reclining on a sofa, her little boy sitting beside her, a few fresh flowers on the table close to her hand — words of gentle counsel and instruction floating from her lips, and an air of indigent refinement and silent suffering about her whole person — the philosopher felt that he might do a great deal. He grew quite enthusiastic about his own intentions. He saw himself gently knocking at the door, crossing the threshold, bowing in a last-century manner, and saying: "My dear madam, your little son has already made us friends."

Yet when he heard Mrs. Dolland's angry tones resounding through the whole staircase he hastily locked himself in once more, and sat down to the frugal cold meal which in the afternoon had been set out for him, and which he had hitherto

left untouched. A little later he proceeded leisurely to undress, climbed into bed, placed the lamp beside him, and coned the pages of Rabelais till his eyes grew heavy; then, indistinctly, dreams of swallows, roses, and boiling kettles passed across his mind, and finally he fell asleep.

During the night, although he did not wake, the philosopher's sleep was uneasy. He was dimly conscious of the sound of many footsteps going to and fro in the room overhead. When morning came and he awoke, he rose and went to the window. The scene was greyer yet than on the previous evening; a fine drizzling rain was falling. The rosebushes were dripping and bedraggled, and the leaves of the creepers about his window were soaked with wet; in the distance the willows and green fields seemed to rise vaguely out of a bank of mist. There were no birds visible. It was a heavy day; the leaden sky seemed to press down upon the brow, and the philosopher, as he flung his window open, letting in a mass of soft, humid air, felt as though he could scarcely breathe.

He recollected the conversation of birds to which he had listened but yesterday, and he thought of the succeeding events of the evening. His conscience pricked him; for, after all, had he not himself shown a want of sympathy? Considering that he was a philosopher, his conscience must have been a decided flaw in his character.

He had made up his mind now, however. He would go up-stairs at once and endeavor to see the child again, even if he could not see the mother; he would not wait even to order his breakfast. He dressed hurriedly, and then set out on his errand.

He felt curiously shy and awkward as he mounted the creaking wooden staircase that led to unknown regions, but he knew (from having listened to Rupert's footsteps) that the room he sought for was exactly above his own. He paused at the door; his heart was beating strangely. With a palpitating sense of doing something as alarming as it was strange and incomprehensible, even to himself, he knocked softly; but there came no answer—there was nothing but silence. Then, from an open door close by, the serving-maid of the house looked out.

"You can go in, sir," she said; and as though in a waking dream the philosopher turned the handle of the door, and went softly into the room.

In the very middle of the apartment sat Mrs. Dolland, one of her hands pressing

her apron up to her face, the other encircling the tiny form of a sleeping child. On the bed in the gloom (for the window-blinds were drawn down) lay a figure, a stretched-out, still, white figure, which struck awe into the beholder's heart and numbed his senses, and filled him with that indescribable dread we all of us feel—whether philosophers or not—when we poor, ignorant, suffering, doubting mortals stand in the presence of death.

The miller's wife, at the philosopher's approach, let her apron fall hastily from her eyes, and showed a face that was pale and distraught with the long night's watching as well as with her sincere grief. Tears were slowly coursing down her cheeks.

"Yes, you may go and look at her, sir, poor dear," said Mrs. Dolland. "But do not disturb the boy; he's asleep, pretty lamb, now, and it seems better so for him."

Nevertheless, at the sound of the woman's kindly voice, though she had spoken only in a whisper, Rupert partly awoke, and moved his head upon her arm, murmuring in a plaintive whimper: "Mother, mother dear; mother."

"Hush, hush, my lamb," said the miller's wife, holding him closer.

The learned man stepped softly to the side of the bed.

There he beheld a sweet face, pale as marble, motionless with an awful stillness and silence, and free from whatever lines of care or grief might have marked it before, whilst a tender smile rested on the parted lips—a face that was yet young and fair, framed in brown curls and nestling among white draperies. And upon the quiet breast two little thin hands were clasped together, as though in prayer.

The philosopher said nothing. The mist that was sweeping across the damp green country seemed to float into the room and lie wreathed between his eyes and the figure before him. He turned his head away and looked around the apartment; all was simple, nay poor, in the surroundings where this young creature had so lately lived and died. On the chair beside her bed lay a small book with an old brown leather cover. Mrs. Dolland, in an undertone, had begun to praise the deceased, to speak of her virtues, her youth, her respectability, her sorrow for the hard-working and affectionate husband who had met with a terrible death but a short year previously; her industry and patience; above all, her overwhelming love for her little boy. The miller's wife

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could not say enough in favor of her departed friend. She willingly and garrulously narrated the sad circumstances which had brought that sweet curly brown head to its grave, and left little Rupert motherless and forlorn.

Was it a scholar's instinct that impelled the philosopher, whilst the good woman was yet speaking, to stretch out his hand and take up the small leather book from its place on the chair, and unconsciously open the pages and turn them over? He was listening to the story that the miller's wife was telling, listening and thinking, thinking and listening; yet, as he held the book open — and it was a book that was strange and almost unknown to him — his eyes fell upon some words which startled him, and remained forever after distinct in his remembrance.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

"Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Rain was pouring heavily down when the philosopher started for London on the afternoon of that same day. He was glad to depart. The whole country scene oppressed him with a sense of unutterable melancholy; the miller's house, with its shut casements and drawn-down blinds, was scarce sadder than the dripping willows and alders swaying their grey boughs.

He conscientiously paid a week's rent to Mrs. Dolland, slipping also into her hand a couple of golden coins "towards the expenses of the funeral." When he reached his own lodgings he somewhat surprised his elderly housekeeper by so unexpected an appearance; but he took up his place by his own fireside as though he had never left it, lit his pipe, replaced on their shelves a few favorite books he had packed away, and spread all his papers about him in true student-like litter with deep thankfulness and joy.

Nor went he any further afield that year in search of a holiday. Sometimes, in late afternoons during the summer and autumn, when his day's work was done, he wandered into Hyde Park, and sat down on one of the benches near deserted Rotten Row, amongst the artisans and poor folk, the sad-faced women and little children, who come at that unfashionable time of year to get a sight of the green trees and well-kept slopes and scarlet geraniums.

A couple of months later there appeared in the — *Review* an article from the pen of a well-known learned man which caused a great sensation. It was entitled "Sympathy as a Fine Art," and was much talked about in literary, æsthetic, and metaphysical circles.

Besides bringing great *kudos* to its author, it was so successful that a second edition of the *Review* became immediately necessary; and shortly afterwards the article, with additions and annotations, was republished in the form of a pamphlet, and became once more a subject of universal commendation, speculation, and interesting discussion.

It was written in a spirit of cold and elaborate analysis — dictated by the head, not by the heart; so said many wise folks who were bound to know. A few good kind souls shook their own heads sadly over the pamphlet, because of the utterances therein far beyond their understanding. Only a few, a very few, read — and loved their fellow-men the better because of the reading — for it is only given to a few to understand.

Yet one and all agreed that the treatise was a learned, nay, a great work, and the very finest piece of writing which had come from the pen of its learned author.

The philosopher, meanwhile, having been better treated by his publisher than writers are usually supposed to be, sent the amount he had earned to an old couple living in the south of England, for the use and benefit of their little grandson. Thus it came to pass that Rupert obtained better and more expensive schooling than he could otherwise have had, whilst certain pleasures and advantages which are to be procured by money alone fell to his childish lot, and brightened it considerably.

As he grew in age and wisdom he learned how many of the benefits of his youth were due to this far-off London benefactor, whom, however, he did not at any time see, and whose gifts he was cautioned never to mention. Nor did the child's name at any time pass the philosopher's lips; deep buried in the silence of his own memories lay an episode which he evidently occasionally remembered, but of which he never spoke.

From Temple Bar.

A PLEA FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

DESPITE the ban of excommunication which Mr. Matthew Arnold has pro-

nounced upon Macaulay, there are still, perhaps, some of us who read his works, or at least remember that we have read them. And, indeed, were it not so, we should, on Mr. Arnold's own admission, be ungrateful beyond the nature of man; for he allows that the "immense popularity of Macaulay is due to his being pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind." Alluding to the common report—truer, as I have some reason to know, than so many common reports—that the book most generally to be found in the scanty libraries of the Australian bush is, after the Bible and Shakespeare, some work by Macaulay, he confesses "nothing can be more natural."

The Bible and Shakespeare [he goes on] may be said to be imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration; but as soon as the common Englishman, desiring culture, begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay. Macaulay's view of things is, on the whole, the view of them which he feels to be his own also; the persons and causes praised are those which he himself is disposed to admire; the persons and causes blamed are those with which he himself is out of sympathy; and the rhetoric employed to praise or to blame them is animating and excellent. Macaulay is thus a great civilizer. In hundreds of men he hits their nascent taste for the things of the mind, possesses himself of it and stimulates it, draws it powerfully forth and confirms it.*

To be a great civilizer is surely no small title to gratitude, if not to fame. To leave men and things better, if by ever so little, than one found them—he who has done this much, if he has done no more, may surely go down well content into his grave. Swift thought so, at least, and Swift's thoughts are generally worth some regard; "and he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."† That something then at least the world owes to Macaulay even he allows, in whose nostrils the very name of Macaulay appears to stink. If he has done no more, at least he has awakened in many of us the desire of knowledge; has stimulated and prepared us to receive the higher culture which Mr. Arnold has preached so untiringly, so eloquently, and still con-

tinues to preach with somewhat soberer zeal, perhaps, and in language more adapted to the comprehension of the "common Englishman." And for once in a way we have not been ungrateful. Despite the persistent outcry one hears from certain quarters, in season and out of season, posterity, as a rule, has not been slow to recognize what Macaulay has done for it, has recognized it, moreover, in the best and most gracious manner, by using it; the manner in which Macaulay himself would have wished it to be recognized. Ay, and those who cry most loudly have used it, are using it every day; nay, without it, could hardly cry so loud against it. And one good office in particular has he done for us, for which, as it seems to me, he has hardly received due acknowledgment, for which, perhaps, thanks have rather been rendered elsewhere. He has more, I think, than any one else, revived in us the taste for what our fathers (who had, I fancy, rather more of it than we) were wont to speak of as polite learning—the taste for the great works of the writers of antiquity. Most men who read anything have read Mr. Trevelyan's admirable biography of his uncle, and they will remember the passage in which the pupil records, in language not unworthy of his master, the stimulant his own youthful studies received from such a guide and friend:—

A boy whose classical reading he watched, and in some degree directed, might indeed be lazy, but could not be indifferent to his work. The dullest of tyros would have been inspired by the ardor of one whose thoughts were often for weeks together more in Latium and Attica than in Middlesex; who knew the careers and the characters of the great men who paced the Forum, and declaimed in the Temple of Concord, as intimately as those of his own rivals in Parliament, and his own colleagues in the Cabinet; to whom Cicero was as real as Peel, and Curio as Stanley; who was as familiar with his Lucian, and his Augustan Histories, as other men of letters are with their Voltaire and their Pepys; who cried over Homer with emotion, and over Aristophanes with laughter, and could not read the "De Coronâ," even for the twentieth time, without striking his clenched fist at least once a minute on the arm of his easy-chair. As he himself says of Lord Somers, "he had studied ancient literature like a man;" and he loved it as only a poet could. No words can convey a notion of the glamor which Macaulay's robust and unaffected enthusiasm threw over the books which had aroused and which fed it; or of the permanent impression which that enthusiasm left upon the minds of those who came within its influence. All the little interviews that

* See Mixed Essays, pp. 245-6: Smith, Elder & Co., 1879.

† Gulliver's Travels, Part II., ch. vii.

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* Life at
vol. ii., pp

took place between us as master and pupil, to which a multitude of notices in his diary refer, are as fresh in my memory as if they had occurred last summer, instead of twenty years ago.*

There needs, indeed, little confirmation of the singular love and reverence Macaulay bore to the "mighty dead," of the closeness and frequency of his communings with their departed spirits. One has not to learn it from his private correspondence, from the familiar record of his journals; it breathes in every page of his printed works, it animated every period of his public speeches. When still but little more than a youth—in the days when, to use the characteristic language in which Christopher North did penance for many coarse and illiberal attacks, "like a burnished fly in pride of May, Macaulay bounced through the open windows of Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*"—he proclaimed his allegiance in those, as one really feels inclined to call them, preternaturally clever papers, "Fragments of a Roman Tale," and "Scenes from Athenian Revels." In this last-named sketch is one particular passage which shows how marvellously, for so young a writer, he had mastered not the thoughts and language only of the old pagan world, but a large part of its very life and color. It is the passage where Chariclea, sad amid the revellers who are met to drink farewell to Alcibiades on the eve of his departure for the fatal coasts of Sicily, takes the lyre to sing to her lover and his guests the old Ionian hymn to Venus.

ALCIBIADES.

Then, sweet Chariclea, since you have silenced Speusippus, you shall sing yourself.

CHARICLEA.

What shall I sing?

ALCIBIADES.

Nay, choose for yourself.

CHARICLEA.

Then I will sing an old Ionian hymn, which is chanted every spring at the feast of Venus, near Miletus. I used to sing it in my own country when a child; and—ah, Alcibiades!

ALCIBIADES.

Dear Chariclea, you shall sing something else. This distresses you.

CHARICLEA.

No; hand me the lyre—no matter—you will hear the song to disadvantage. But if it was sung as I have heard it sung—if this

were a beautiful morning in spring, and if we were standing on a woody promontory, with the sea, and the white sails, and the blue Cyclades beneath us—and the portico of a temple peeping through the trees on a huge peak above our heads—and thousands of people, with myrtles in their hands, thronging up the winding path, their gay dresses and garlands disappearing and emerging by turns as they passed round the angle of the rock—then perhaps—

Then she sings, and this is the last verse of her song:—

Come with music floating o'er thee;
Come with violets springing round,
Let the Graces dance before thee,
All their golden zones unbound;
Now in sport their faces hiding,
Now, with slender fingers fair,
From their laughing eyes dividing
The long curls of rose-crowned hair.

To me, I confess, me who am, I doubt not, a Philistine among Philistines, this scene, so fresh with the grateful enthusiasm of youth at his first entry into "that new world which is the old," has always had a peculiar charm—some such a charm as Mr. Austen Dobson's graceful muse has found in Lador's Hellenics, and expressed in those pretty verses to a Greek girl:—

With breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come,
Across the years with nymph-like head,
And wind-blown brows unfilleted;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of spring, Autonoe!

Or take again this passage from the "Essay on the Athenian Orators," written in his twenty-fourth year:—

Books, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us, for a moment, transport ourselves in thought to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature: for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there: men, women, and children are thronging round him: the tears are running down their cheeks: their eyes are fixed: their very breath is still: for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands—the terrible, the murderous—which had slain so many of his sons. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths, all leaning forward with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous atheist from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald

* Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay (new ed. 1878), vol. II., pp. 431-2.

is crying, "Room for the Prytanes." The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made—"Who wishes to speak?" There is a shout, and a clapping of hands: Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles; and away to sup with Aspasia. I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education.

And who does not remember the incomparable passage in the "Essay on Bacon"?—

We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about a person whose society we like, and from whom we have received favors; how long we struggle against evidence, how fondly when the facts cannot be disputed we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is so incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry; in the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen; Cervantes is never petulant; Demosthenes never comes unseasonably; Dante never stays too long; no difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero; no heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.*

From many writers these words would sound too like affectation, and it is possible that when they first appeared in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* some such sound they may have had in the ears of readers who knew only the name of Macaulay. But those who knew the man

knew better, and since the publication of Mr. Trevelyan's book, the world in general has learned that these words were the true issue of the man's heart. They were written in India. To a man who loved his country as Macaulay loved it, any abiding-place but England could not but have been a place of exile, no matter what circumstances of life or society might surround him. And despite the fact that he was laying for himself the foundations of an independence which would ensure for him all that he desired—the means to help his family, and for himself to lead the life he had marked out to lead—despite even the knowledge that he was playing his part in securing and consolidating for the country he loved so well the most splendid possession the world has ever seen,—that he so regarded his sojourn in India, innumerable passages in his journals and correspondence clearly show. Then, in such hours as he could snatch from the proper business of his life, and from the demands which his position allowed society to make upon him, and forbade him to refuse, he ever turned to the old friends for comfort, and never turned in vain. Early in 1835 he writes to Ellis, the one close friend, in the highest and truest sense of the term, he had outside his family circle:—

The last month has been the most painful that I ever went through. Indeed I never knew before what it was to be miserable. Early in January, letters from England brought me news of the death of my youngest sister. What she was to me no words can express. . . . That I have not utterly sunk under this blow I owe chiefly to literature. What a blessing it is to love books as I love them; to be able to converse with the dead, and to live amidst the unreal! Many times during the last few weeks I have repeated to myself those fine lines of old Hesiod:—

Εἰ γὰρ τις καὶ πένθος ἔχων νεοκρήδει θυμῷ
ἀζηταὶ κραδίην ἀκαχήμενος, αὐτὰρ ἰούδος
μονῶσαν θεραπείαν κλεῖα προτέρων ἀνθρώπων
ἑμνήσῃ, μίκαρ ἂν τε θεοὶ οἱ Ὀλύμπου ἔχουσι,
αἰψ' ὅγε δυσφρονέων ἐπιλήθεται, οἷδε τι κρήνην
μύμνηται· ταχέως δὲ παρέρπαιε δόρα θεῶν.*

I have gone back to Greek literature with a

* Which may be thus freely rendered:—

"For if to one with bleeding heart,
Sitting silently apart,
Comes the singer's voice divine,
Henchman of the Muses nine;
Singing of each noble deed
Of the mighty men of old,
And the gods of blessed breed,
Who Olympus' top do hold;
Straightway he forgets his grief,
Straight his sorrow finds relief;
Such the healing powers belong
To the goddesses of song."

* With this passage should be read the stanzas written by Macaulay after his defeat at Edinburgh eleven years later. It is a pity to find in the writings of a man so well read and, generally, of such acute judgment as the late Walter Bagehot, so illiberal and silly a comment on Macaulay's enthusiasm as the following: "Dreadful idea having Demosthenes for an intimate friend! He had pebbles in his mouth; he was always urging action; he spoke such good Greek; we cannot dwell on it—it is too much." See *Literary Studies*, by W. Bagehot: Longmans & Co., 1879.

passion quite astonishing to myself. I have never felt anything like it. I was enraptured with Italian during the six months which I gave up to it; and I was little less pleased with Spanish. But when I went back to the Greek, I felt as if I had never known before what intellectual enjoyment was. Oh, that wonderful people! There is not one art, not one science, about which we may not use the same expression which Lucretius has employed about the victory over superstition, "Primum Graius homo."

And again, a month or two later, he writes to the same friend:—

My time is divided between public business and books. I mix with society as little as I can. My spirits have not yet recovered. I sometimes think they will never wholly recover the shock which they received five months ago. I find that nothing soothes them so much as the contemplation of those miracles of art which Athens has bequeathed to us. I am really becoming, I hope not a pedant, but certainly an enthusiast about classical literature.

Yet again, at the close of the year, and still again to Ellis:—

Literature has saved my life and my reason. Even now I dare not, in the intervals of business, remain alone for a minute without a book in my hand. What my course of life will be when I return to England is very doubtful. But I am more than half determined to abandon politics, and to give myself wholly to letters; to undertake some great historical work which may be at once the business and the amusement of my life; and to leave the pleasure of pestiferous rooms, sleepless nights, aching heads, and diseased stomachs to Roebuck and Praed.

And then follows a passage which, when we remember that it comes from a man in the prime of his vigor and intellect, with strong political, strong party feelings, who had already drunk deep of the intoxicating cup of Parliamentary success, and who knew that he had but to set foot again on English ground for the doors of the House of Commons to fly open for him, is a remarkable foreshadowing of that pure and undivided allegiance he was in after years to give to literature; an allegiance which no man, perhaps, of his political position and prospects ever gave, before or since, and which well deserved from so keen an opponent as Sir James Graham—an opponent, too, whose shield had been touched smartly more than once by Macaulay's lance—this graceful speech: "I am sincerely glad that Macaulay has so greatly succeeded. The sacrifices which he has made to literature deserve no ordinary triumph; and when the statesmen of this present day are forgotten, the his-

torian of the Revolution will be remembered."

In England I might probably be of a very different opinion; but in the quiet of my own little grass-plot—when the moon at its rising finds me with the Philoctetes or the De Finibus in my hand—I often wonder what strange infatuation leads men who can do something better, to squander their intellect, their health, their energy, on such subjects as those which most statesmen are engaged in pursuing. I comprehend perfectly how a man who can debate, but who would make a very indifferent figure as a contributor to an annual or a magazine, should take the only line by which he can attain distinction. But that a man before whom the two paths of literature and politics lie open, and who might hope for eminence in either, should choose politics and quit literature, seems to me madness. On the one side is health, leisure, peace of mind, the search after truth, and all the enjoyments of friendship and conversation. On the other side is almost certain ruin to the constitution, constant labor, constant anxiety. Every friendship which a man may have, becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics. As to abuse, men soon become callous to it, but the discipline which makes them callous is very severe. And for what is it that a man who might, if he chose, rise up and lie down at his own hour, engage in any study, enjoy any amusement, and visit any place, consents to make himself as much a prisoner as though he were within the rules of the Fleet; to be tethered during eleven months of the year within the circle of half a mile round Charing Cross; to sit, or stand, night after night, for ten or twelve hours, inhaling a noisome atmosphere, and listening to harangues of which nine-tenths are far below the level of a leading article in a newspaper? For what is it that he submits, day after day, to see the morning break over the Thames, and then totters home, with bursting temples, to his bed? Is it for fame? Who would compare the fame of Charles Townshend to that of Hume, that of Lord North to that of Gibbon, that of Lord Chatham to that of Johnson? Who can look back on the life of Burke and not regret that the years which he passed in ruining his health and temper by political exertions were not passed in the composition of some great and durable work? Who can read the letters to Atticus, and not feel that Cicero would have been an infinitely happier and better man, and a not less celebrated man, if he had left us fewer speeches, and more Academic Questions and Tusculan Disputations; if he had passed the time which he spent in brawling with Vatinius and Clodius in producing a history of Rome superior even to that of Livy? But these, as I said, are meditations in a quiet garden, situated far beyond the contagious influence of English faction. What I might feel if I again saw Downing Street and Palace Yard is another question. I tell you sincerely my present feelings.

Macaulay, then, being, as Mr. Arnold allows him to be, so immensely popular with the common Englishman, and so large a majority of us being only common Englishmen, it is not impossible that the recent revival of letters among us may be in some measure due to that vast love of literature and learning which his own works might have suggested, and Mr. Trevelyan's work has confirmed, as one of the most prominent, perhaps the most distinctive, feature in his character. For a revival of letters, if only a partial and half-hearted revival, these latter years have assuredly witnessed among us. That it has taken that form of "little books," that spreading evil against which our Laureate has lifted up his melodious voice,* — that it has been hitherto, as one may say, a revival at second hand, — is perhaps the misfortune rather than the fault of the age. We are so terribly busy, with our pleasures no less than with our business, that we have, most of us, no time to take our learning in other than homœopathic doses; yet that we take even so much is something. And so this revival has taken among us the form of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," edited by the Rev. Mr. Collins; of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," edited by Mrs. Oliphant; of "English Men of Letters," edited by Mr. John Morley; "Stories from Homer, from Virgil, from Herodotus, from the Greek Tragedians," by the Rev. Mr. Church; selections from this poet and that, with critical prefaces of more or less acuteness and originality; all excellent works in their way, and admirably calculated to impart in the simplest and most portable form that little knowledge which was once believed to be a dangerous thing, but which we, so much wiser than our forefathers, have declared to be so much better than none at all. A higher and purer form than this it has also taken; such a form as Messrs. Church and Brodrip's incomparable translation of Tacitus, of Messrs. Lang and Butler's prose translation of the *Odyssey*, of Mr. Lang's prose translation of Theocritus — works which might surely move Mr. Arnold to repent of his assertion that no one "would look at an English prose transla-

tion of an ancient author when he could get a French or German one."* These, however, are perhaps for the few rather than the many, and can scarcely be said to come under the head of popular works in the sense that their more superficial contemporaries come under it; though their appearance of course tends largely to increase the thoroughness of the revival. And a proof, too, we may find in our arts as well as in our letters. The speeches made at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy tend to prove it; even in the City, in Guildhall, a notable stronghold of the Philistines, one might suppose, there is an awakening; in the furnishing and decorations of our houses; nay, even the vapid abortions which hang on to the skirts of the masters of the new school — even these "heavy-eyed and scaly shapes of the warm primeval ooze" are after their fashion a growth of the same influence. Every nation when first it feels the stir and touch of a new life, will commit follies and excesses; when that new life is felt in the body of literature and art, the follies and excesses will be greater — not, of course, of such national greatness, but greater comparatively — than when the dry bones of politics are stirred; greatest of all will they be when the quickening nation is one naturally prone to eccentricity in such matters, matters of literature and art, unrestrained by any recognized discipline, and without any acknowledged standard of excellence.

Beyond all question, Mr. Arnold has himself done much to awaken within us this desire for learning, or, as it pleases our refining age to call it, for culture. And he has done so much more latterly, since he has somewhat modified his zeal, and condescended, if one may be permitted the expression, to talk rather with the tongue of men than of angels; since his aims have become more clearly defined, and his rules of conduct more understood of the multitude. In his early days he was irreverently likened by an *Edinburgh Reviewer* to a "bewildered Pythoness in speechless convulsions upon her tripod." This was rude; decidedly, to use one of his favorite words, inurbane. Yet certainly there was a time when the

* "Hours when the poet's words and looks
Had yet their native glow:
Nor yet the fear of little books
Had made him talk for show;
But, all his vast heart sherry-warmed,
He flashed his random speeches;
Ere days, that dealt in ana, swarmed
His literary leeches."

(Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue at the Cock.)

* A final and revised edition of the "Essays in Criticism," in which this assertion was first made, was published in 1873, when none of the translations above specified had as yet appeared. But long before that year such works as Jowett's "Plato," Monro's "Lucretius," Rawlinson's "Herodotus," Conington's prose translation of "Virgil," were tolerably well known. Surely these are worth looking at even by one who has all the treasures of France and Germany at his command.

common Englishman at least did not very clearly understand, to use his own common language, what Mr. Arnold was driving at, particularly when he travelled beyond the domain of literature. So there grew up a feeling that Mr. Arnold did not very greatly care whether the common Englishman understood him or not; that he was come, in short, to call not sinners but the righteous to repentance; and consequently for a time Mr. Arnold's teaching had not the influence it should have had, and he himself was looked upon rather as a Theudas than a Gamaliel. But this feeling is rapidly passing away. We have gone up a little higher towards Mr. Arnold, and he has come down a little lower to us; thus we have each come within each other's sphere; he sees more clearly how much we can bear, how much strong meat our intellectual stomachs will carry; we see more clearly that he really wishes to do us good, and not only wishes but is really capable of doing great good. Many, of course, saw this from the first—happier souls than we—who have passed into that promised land which we shall never enter; we, the sojourners in the wilderness, are beginning to see it now.

Still, with regard to this particular contention, the stimulus given to learning, the interest revived in classical literature, two things must be remembered. First, that Mr. Arnold, though the circle of his influence has greatly widened, though even in the strongholds of Philistia his name is now a name of mark—not loved, perhaps, greatly, sometimes even ridiculed, it is possible, by the most truculent of the sons of Gath, yet certainly not ignored—does not profess to write, professes, one might perhaps say, *not* to write, solely or even mainly for the common Englishman; he does not profess, if I do not misjudge him, so much to raise him to his own level, as to wait for him there, and unfold to him its beauties when he shall have raised himself. Consequently he has not yet achieved the "immense popularity" of Macaulay—one can conceive how shocked he would be if told that he had achieved it—for Macaulay wrote for the common Englishman, and common, alas, we most of us still are. Mr. Arnold has explained the case in his own clear, melodious language:—

With the increasing number of those who awake to the intellectual life, the number of those also increases, who, having awoke to it, go on with it, follow where it leads them. And it leads them to see that it is their business to see the real truth about the important

men, and things, and books, which interest the human mind. For thus is gradually to be acquired a stock of sound ideas, in which the mind will habitually move, and which alone can give to our judgments security and solidity. To be satisfied with fine writing about the objects of one's study, with having it praised or blamed in accordance with one's own likes or dislikes, with any conventional treatment of it whatever, is at this state of growth seen to be futile. At this stage, rhetoric, even when it is so good as Macaulay's, dissatisfies. And the number of people who have reached this stage of mutual growth is constantly, as things now are, increasing; increasing by the very same law of progress which plants the beginnings of mental life in more and more persons who until now have never known mental life at all. So that while the number of those who are delighted with rhetoric such as Macaulay's is always increasing, the number of those who are dissatisfied with it is always increasing too.*

It would be interesting, and might be useful, to inquire whether any, having grown dissatisfied with Macaulay, and yearning for that higher mental life which Macaulay cannot give, have scaled the heights of Olympus only to find that they cannot breathe in that divine air; that the strange and beautiful phantoms that inhabit that blessed abode speak to them in a language and of things that they do not understand; that they have dropped the substance to grasp only at the shadow, "embracing clouds Ixion-like;" and so have retraced their steps to the lower earth, there to find once more the consolation and the nourishment denied to them in more ethereal regions. Not to all mortals, perchance, is it given to breathe unstinted in

The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm.†

But this is a question that must for the present be dismissed. My immediate contention is this—that a far larger number of people read Macaulay's writings than Mr. Arnold's writings, because by far the largest number of people are "common;" and it is therefore not an irrational deduction that the newly awakened interest in the higher branches of literature and learning is in the first place due to the immense love for those beautiful things which the common reader has

* A French Critic on Milton: *Mixed Essays*.

† Mr. Tennyson's *Lucretius*.

found in his Macaulay. Mr. Arnold, too, has labored nobly in the same field, with far more skilful labor, doubtless in its own time to yield far richer fruit; but those who attribute solely to him, as many do, the nascent yearnings of our age for "culture," forget, perhaps, that to the large majority of Englishmen his method of labor is still, as he himself has owned, not much more intelligible than was Mr. Ruskin's famous spade-work at Ferry Hinksey to the "common" undergraduate; they forget, too, another still more important point—that Macaulay was in the field first.

At any rate, whoever first sounded the note, we have been very frequently and very feelingly exhorted of late to hold commune—whether through the medium of more or less skilled necromancers, or by such arts as we may ourselves contrive—with the "departed spirits of the mighty dead;" to think a little less highly of ourselves and our works; to remember, perhaps to discover, that there were brave men living before Agamemnon, and that there have been other great civilizing influences known in the world besides railroads and the penny post. We are growing too insular, too bumptious; we have waxed too fat, and are kicking. Some among our own countrymen—cruel only to be kind—take a persistent delight in holding us and our works, particularly our works, up to ridicule. Whatever good thing we may do, or think we may do, and take a pride in, we are told it is nothing to what we should have done, nothing to what has been done before us, is being done all around us, but can never be done by us because we have neither sweetness nor light, because we are Philistines. We lack urbanity, we are provincial; we are eruptive, aggressive; too violent generally, too fond of trampling on the fixed and familiar notions of others. And so long as we have all these unlovely faults, do all these unlovely things, so long can we never hold the place among nations that we might hold, that so many of us—poor creatures, yet not unhappy, it may be, in our ignorance—think we do hold. In short, to use the noble language of the Latin grammar—the only culture, alas, that so many of us possess—no pains are being spared to soften our manners and permit us no longer to be brutal. The *Times* sees this; and the *Times* does not usually permit its writers to see things before they have become tolerably visible to the world at large. But recently, commenting on the opening

of the Royal Academy, it delivered itself of the following passage:—

It is always difficult rightly to judge one's own epoch; but it seems clear that, on whatever side we look at it, this last half of the nineteenth century, with its restless scientific curiosity, its demand for accuracy in scholarship of every kind, and its eager desire for beauty, has all the elements of a true Renaissance—a period of reawakening and illumination.

This is undoubtedly very comforting, very pleasant to reflect upon, as Mr. Arnold himself might say, very salutary. But as I have already said, whenever a people begins "to burst its bonds and battle with the time," of what material soever those bonds may be, theological, political, artistic, social, it is inevitable that some strange freaks will be committed in the course of the war. So it is very necessary that the captain shall be one of approved skill, strong to restrain the impetuous, gentle to encourage the timid; above all should he be careful in his choice of ground, choose it with an eye to the forces at his disposal, and the tactics he designs to employ. And surely he would be most unwise, most foolhardy, to break down all his old defences, scatter all the old rules of strategy to the winds, before he had his new ones in fighting order, or, at least, had trained his soldiers to do without them. When the blind man leads the blind do we not all know what befalls the pair?

Sometimes I think we run a little danger from this quarter. We are breaking down our old walls, so to speak, levelling our old lines of defence, developing new plans of attack, at such an amazing rate; I wonder sometimes whether we of Philistia, content still to abide in our breaches, may not after all, for the present at least, get rather the best of the game.

Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves—
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves—
See! on the cumbered plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age.
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules.
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries.

Is this furious iconoclasm an inevitable

appanage of this new period of awakening and illumination? To become true children of light, is it imperatively necessary to carol, and shout, and trample over our fathers' graves, to overturn their statues, to deface their shrines? To obliterate the mark of Dagon, must we first obliterate every person and thing else? "He," it has been written, "who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority." Are we, then, in this enlightened and literary society, are we all aspiring to be great poets; and as a first step to such noble aspirations must we take to pieces the web, not of our own minds — which, perhaps, were no such mighty harm — but of the minds of the great men who have gone before us? Shall "all the ripe fruit of threescore years be blighted in a day"? Must we unlearn all the knowledge that has hitherto, I will not say constituted our chief claim to superiority, but has at least contributed to make us so much wiser, better, and happier?

Let us consider the case of Macaulay. I would not presume to do violence to the feelings of our enlightened age by elevating Macaulay on too lofty a pedestal. He shall not be *the* great man who has gone before us, he shall not be even *a* great man, if his adversaries please; he shall not have made us wiser, nor even better; but, at least, let it be granted that he has contributed, according to his lights, to make us somewhat happier. He is "pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind" — "in hundreds of men he hits their nascent taste for the things of the mind, possesses himself of it and stimulates it, draws it powerfully forth and confirms it" — "he is a great civilizer." So much even the most uncompromising of his foes, as we have seen, allows; and surely to be even so much is something; surely the man who gives us pleasure, an honest and wholesome pleasure, who helps to civilize us, is worthy at least of our gratitude; if we cannot admire him, or love him, or even respect him, at least let us be grateful to him; gratitude can compromise none of us; the noblest soul, the loftiest, the most cultured, is not degraded by being grateful. Even the most savage and hardened spirit nourishes some spark of feeling for the mother who gave him the breath of life, who watched

his infant years, trained his infant lisplings, taught him the use of his legs and his letters; even such an one, when he needs her care no longer, does not go about to blacken her face. She taught him to walk — he does not abuse her because she did not teach him to fly; she taught him to talk — he does not insult her because she did not teach him to sing.

And what then is Macaulay's particular crime? In the first instance, one unpardonable crime no doubt he has committed; he has been overpraised, or rather — for even a Philistine has feelings — let us say he has been blindly praised, praised rather lavishly than judiciously. And what has greatly aggravated an offence already sufficiently grave is that this immense holocaust was offered up before a living altar. "And so," writes his nephew, "Macaulay dwelt at ease in his pleasant retreat" (in Holly Lodge, to wit), "a classic in his own lifetime. His critics, and still more his readers, honored him with a deferential indulgence which is seldom exhibited towards a contemporary." It was inevitable that the reaction should come; that the pendulum, when the restraining hand was loosed, should swing back with a twofold violence. The spirit of criticism — as one is almost tempted sometimes to think, a more invidious spirit yet — once set free, ravened, and is ravening still with furious satisfaction in that luxuriant feeding-ground. The extravagance of praise has produced its inevitable crop, an extravagance of censure. Many spots have been discovered on that once brilliant sun; many have been invented. The oracle has been found to be not after all so very infallible; the voice of a man only, not of a god; being a man it happens that he has spoken once or twice amiss, and, as a natural consequence, it has now been borne in on us that he has never spoken otherwise. Great is truth, and she will prevail, even over a Macaulay.

Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.

Nor have his good deeds been able to save him. I say his good deeds, but I say it somewhat doubtfully. For though it is certain that he has sharpened the pens and the wits of an immense number of writers, helped to fill both their pages and their pockets, it is not quite certain that in so doing he has conferred an unmixed good on posterity. The slave who tried to conjure with the magician's wand

made but a poor business of it, for himself and others. No one has so inspired and informed as he that vast undigested and indigestible mass of writing that our age puts forth with such rapid and unerring precision daily, weekly, monthly. There is scarce a skirmisher in this noble army of writers—to distinguish the light-armed troops, the guerillas of our periodical press, from what some one has called the real “hoplites of literature”—who has not imbibed his first nourishment from Macaulay, who is not still, if I may be permitted a somewhat unlovely metaphor, perpetually bringing it up again. “Already, in the ‘Essay on Milton,’ the style of Macaulay is, indeed, that which we know so well—a style to dazzle, to gain admirers everywhere, to attract imitators in multitude.” So Mr. Arnold; and truly enough he writes, though it may be permitted in passing to observe that the two styles of Macaulay—the style of “the burnished fly in pride of May” first “bouncing” through the open windows of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the style of the historian whose own life closed with the closing pages of William’s reign—are as distinct as the child is from the man. Every one who reads Macaulay, not for the purpose of cavilling at him, but soberly, earnestly, to get from him what good they can, sees this clearly enough; but it is a detail with which those who do not wish to learn from him, or are persuaded that they have nothing to learn from him, are of course not concerned. But of others, perhaps they have not quite

Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,

Made him their pattern to live and to die;

but they have at least tried very hard to do so. And yet, to hear them all, one would think no one had done so much to corrupt the national taste, to degrade the national language, as he.

But what then is the specific accusation that Mr. Arnold—who is not, I need hardly say, as these others are—brings against him, and which is so persistently reiterated by the Timothys who have taken unto themselves stools to sit at the feet of this urbane and cultured Gamaliel? I waive the objection that he is a Philistine, for two reasons. The first, because being myself one of these lost yet unbewailing creatures, I am scarcely competent to judge of the enormity of the crime; the second, because I am not quite certain that I know exactly what constitutes the quality of Philistinism. This is a

most interesting question, to me and to so large a proportion of mankind; for naturally, feeling so conscious that we are Philistines, we should be glad distinctly and categorically to know what it really is we feel conscious that we are. But it is a question I must not now stop to discuss. Then, I waive too the objection that he is only a rhetorician, because, as Mr. Arnold has praised his rhetoric for being “animated and excellent,” I am not disposed to regard this either as a very great crime. For who would blame a man for being a shoemaker only, if it was allowed that he made excellent shoes? But hard by this praise—*latet anguis in herbâ*—there lurks a little sentence in which we get at the real offence, we see the culprit’s unpardonable sin before us in its naked, unblushing hideousness. “*A reader who wants criticism will be disappointed.*” That is it; Macaulay is a bad critic. A good rhetorician he is, a good praiser, a good hater; but a bad critic, a bad guide.

I remember a poor little writer in a daily paper being once completely demolished, eaten up, body, bones, and all, at one snap by one of the young lions of the *Saturday Review*. The point at issue was a play—a terrible debatable ground is the theatre, and woe to him who enters thereon unprepared to take hard blows, and indeed to give them—concerning which the inoffensive victim (I am sure he meant to be inoffensive) had ventured to urge that it might be a very pretty poem, a very pretty picture—I forget the work in question, but it was one of those whimsical, unreal pieces of fantasy that our age delights to talk of as “idyllic”—but that it was not a play. To which the young lion—he thought it particularly idyllic—roared for answer, “Who said it was?”

Really I feel tempted to offer this most cogent and unanswerable answer to Mr. Arnold and all of his way of thinking, when they next tell me Macaulay is no critic. For, indeed, who said he was? Certainly not Macaulay; and if others persist in placing on a man’s shoulders a responsibility he has distinctly declined to assume, they surely, and not he, are to blame. Now if we turn to Mr. Trevelyan’s volumes we shall find a passage that if Mr. Arnold and his disciples would kindly read, or, if they have forgotten it, would kindly read again—though I hardly may suppose they will—I really think they might be minded to let go this count of the indictment. The passage is in a letter of Macaulay’s in answer to one from

Macvey Napier asking him for a review of Lockhart's noble biography of Walter Scott. The letter is dated from Clarges Street, June 26, 1838, and goes at once, as was Macaulay's wont, straight to the heart of the matter:—

I assure you that I would willingly, and even eagerly, undertake the subject which you propose, if I thought that I should serve you by doing so. But depend upon it, you do not know what you are asking for. I have done my best to ascertain what I can and what I cannot do. There are extensive classes of subjects which I think myself able to treat as few people can treat them. After this, you cannot suspect me of any affectation of modesty; and you will therefore believe that I tell you what I sincerely think, when I say that I am not successful in analyzing the effect of works of genius. I have written several things on historical, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated; but *I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power. Hazlitt used to say of himself, "I am nothing if not critical." The case with me is directly the reverse.* I have a strong and acute enjoyment of works of the imagination; but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's "Laocoon," such passages as the criticism on Hamlet in "Wilhelm Meister," fill me with wonder and despair. Now, a review of Lockhart's book ought to be a review of Sir Walter's literary performances. I enjoy many of them—nobody, I believe, more keenly; but I am sure that there are hundreds who will criticise them far better. Trust to my knowledge of myself. I never in my life was more certain of anything than of what I tell you, and I am sure that Lord Jeffrey will tell you exactly the same.

It would be possible, I think, to find some instances in Macaulay's writings of a tolerably acute and just perception in literary matters; in the "Essay on Byron," for instance, the "Essay on Dryden," even in the much abused "Essay on Milton." And I say this, not at all relying on my own judgment, but because on examining and comparing him carefully with those other writers whose treatment of similar men and things we are so earnestly exhorted to apply to our unsatisfied and yearning spirits—our spirits "dried up and closely furled" with this hard and empty teaching—doing so, I say, I really find so very much less difference between them and him than the apostles of the former seem to imagine. Sadly conscious am I that this bare assertion here can

carry but little weight, may seem very possibly to be made in a sheer Philistian spirit of "liking and disliking;" and very gladly would I do what lies in my power to make my words good. Some other chance, perhaps, may be allowed me, but not now. I have trifled too long already, I fear, with my readers' patience, and I have yet some words to say.

Another of the charges against Macaulay, not quite so explicitly expressed, nor quite so grave, though not unimportant, is that he is too apt to write in what Mr. Arnold has somewhere called "the Rule Britannia strain"—rather too fond of Englishmen and their works. Two terrible epithets have been applied to him by the same chaste and enlightened critic for a certain saying of his, brimful of this most baleful quality: "It may safely be said that the literature now extant in the English language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together." And then Mr. Arnold, commenting on this triumphant saying, bids us remember "Spinoza's maxim that the two great banes of humanity are self-conceit and the laziness coming from self-conceit;" and he concludes by warning us that all such "mere glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature is *both vulgar, and, besides being vulgar, retarding.*"

Terrible words, indeed! To be called vulgar, Macaulay might perhaps have borne; for, after all, vulgarity must be a question of taste, of degree, for which each man will have his own standard; honesty, for instance, sincerity, may sometimes be, or be considered, vulgar, but affectation always; there is no such vulgarity as the vulgarity of affectation; the affectation of humility, of self-depreciation, of regarding every other person in the world as so much better and wiser than ourselves. But to be called retarding! he who, with such a great and single love, has preached the cause of learning, who has striven with all the poor powers that were his to lead others to that inexhaustible source of happiness and comfort of whose healing waters he had himself drunk so largely, and yet with so much humility and gratitude!

"*This was the most unkindest cut of all.*"

But is this really so? Does this saying really deserve to be branded with this ineffaceable stain? Let it be admitted that, standing as it does in their accuser's charge, divorced from its context, from

its extenuating circumstances of place and time, it has rather an air of what school-boys call "bumptiousness." But really on what passage, so divorced and paraded, can we not put what construction we please? Let us rather look at this saying in its proper light, let us see in what circumstances and to whom it was said.

At the time of utterance Macaulay was a member of the Supreme Council of India and also president of the Committee of Public Instruction, to which high and important office he had been appointed on his arrival in the country. He had arrived at a peculiarly critical moment, at a moment which Mr. Trevelyan has justly fixed as the "very turning-point of her intellectual progress." At that moment the committee was divided, five against five, "on either side of a controversy"—I quote Mr. Trevelyan—

vital, inevitable, admitting of neither postponement nor compromise, and conducted by both parties with a pertinacity and a warmth that was nothing but honorable to those concerned. Half of the members were for maintaining and extending the old scheme of encouraging Oriental learning by stipends paid to students in Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic, and by liberal grants for the publication of works in those languages. The other half were in favor of teaching the elements of knowledge in the vernacular tongues, and the higher branches in English. Macaulay declined to take any active part in the proceedings until the Government had finally pronounced on the question at issue. When both sides had laid their case before the Supreme Council, then Macaulay, as a member of that Council, produced a minute in which he adopted and defended the views of the English section in the Committee. That minute is to the following purport—or so much of it, at least, as we are concerned with:—

"How stands the case? We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands pre-eminent even among the languages of the West. . . . Whoever knows that language has ready access to all the vast intellectual wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. It may safely be said that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together. Nor is this all. In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is spoken by the higher class of natives at the seats of government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European commu-

nities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia; communities which are every year becoming more important, and more closely connected with our Indian Empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature, or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects."

Surely when we see this terrible saying in its proper light, not in the invidious light in which Mr. Arnold has for his own purpose placed it; when we remember that Macaulay was pleading as an advocate for a cause very near and dear to his heart, and that it is the proper business of an advocate to give his case the strongest and most effective coloring; that in such matters delicate half-lights and gentle shadows are of no more avail than the bloom and flavor of a peach to a starving man,—then I think we may surely pardon this strain of "Rule Britannia," even if our fastidious ears must not endure it for its own sake. Perhaps they should not; yet Mr. Arnold, in one of his papers, quotes with complete approval a saying of Isocrates:—

"Our city has left the rest of the world so far behind in philosophy and eloquence, that those educated by Athens have become the teachers of the rest of mankind; and so well has she done her part, that the name of Greeks seems to stand no longer for a race, but to stand for intelligence itself, and they who share in our culture are called Greeks even before those who are merely of our own blood."

This seems to me very much in the same strain, though I must honestly confess my ignorance of the context. Nay, to me it seems even more so. For Isocrates distinctly puts Athens at the head of all the then known world, Athens herself and the teaching and language of Athens; whereas Macaulay's contention is that a knowledge of the English language, of the works written in that language, gives access to the vast stores of "intellectual wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations." He does not say that England has herself produced the greatest and wisest works in all the world, but that by knowing her language one may get to know these works. And surely this is so; for of all the greatest and wisest works, or at least of a very sufficient proportion of them, one may get some idea

by means of English translations. Not, perhaps, a very perfect idea—by what translation in what language can one get a perfect idea of an original?—not so good an idea, if Mr. Arnold pleases, as one could get from French translations or German. But the French and German languages did not enter into the question; one could hardly expect a ruler, however desirous of imparting culture he might be, to advocate teaching a subject race any language but his own, if any language beyond their own was to be taught them at all. I cannot, therefore, understand why Macaulay is to be blamed in the circumstances for saying what is vulgar and retarding, whatever might be thought of his words if addressed to Englishmen on English ground; and Isocrates, in his circumstances, to be praised for saying what is just and true. Why are we to strain at our own little home-bred gnat, and yet to swallow without wincing this magnificent camel of Greek culture?

But it is time to make an end. I say then, I think we might do better than so persistently blacken the face of Macaulay—and I take Macaulay only as an instance, though a prominent instance, of a far too common practice. It may be that the reader who goes to him for criticism will be disappointed, but how idle of the reader to go to him for that which he himself has expressly warned his readers they will not get! It may be that he is a rhetorician only, but if it be allowed that his rhetoric is “animating” and “excellent,” let us at least consider if all rhetoricians are even so much. It may be that it is the “common Englishman” only whom he can satisfy and instruct; but let us be grateful even for that; let us not, when he has performed his task, fling him aside and trample on him. And how few of us, alas, ever rise above the level of the common Englishman! how many of us must perforce remain content only with desiring culture, with gazing from afar at that promised land into which we feel that we may never hope to enter! Surely, then, the majority of Englishmen owe a vast debt of gratitude to Macaulay. Our fate it may be to die in the wilderness, but he at least has done something to make our sojourn less hard and cheerless than it so well might be, than to so many it is. Night and day, now for many years, have we of the brotherhood of Philistia been reproached for our barbarity; at least, then, we should keep a place in our memory for the man who has done what in him lay to civilize us.

From Good Words.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF “NO NEW THING,” “MY FRIEND JIM,”
“MADEMOISELLE MERSAC,” ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SIR BRIAN.

MOST of us have such excellent, albeit melancholy, reasons for being beholden to members of the medical profession that we ought to be very much ashamed of sneering at them and calling them a pack of humbugs, as we are far too apt to do in the arrogance engendered by a fit of robust health. Nations, it is said, have the rulers that they deserve, *populus vult decipi*, and if (as has been asserted on high authority) bread pills are frequently administered with results of a satisfying and drastic nature, what business have we to cavil at a method of treatment which benefits the patient and does no harm to anybody else? It is the fault of the patients—if indeed there be any question of fault in the matter—that fashionable physicians are constrained to work fashionable cures, to vary their remedies, and to discover at least one new watering-place every year. That for cleansing purposes Jordan is equally valuable with Abana and Pharpar, and that the Yang-tse-Kiang is probably neither superior nor inferior in that respect to any of the three, is not to the point. People must be sent to places which they think likely to do them good, and when they have tried half-a-dozen well-known localities without conspicuous change in their condition, there is obviously nothing for it but to recommend some locality which is not well known. Thus remote Alpine valleys, African deserts, and primitive English fishing villages are wont to find sudden greatness thrust upon them; and thus, quite recently, Kingscliff, which for hundreds of years had led a peaceful, slumberous existence beneath its sheltering heights in the far west, without ever suspecting that it possessed a climate comparable to that of the Azores, had the honor to receive as a passing visitor the celebrated Sir Guy Bartholomew, M.D. Sir Guy made a few inquiries, took a few notes, and returned to London with the complacent mien of one who has hit upon an entirely novel prescription. Nor was his prescription long in bearing fruit. Invalids appeared, first by twos and threes, then in larger and ever larger numbers; lodging-houses sprang up to receive them; an imposing

hotel rose upon the shores of the bay ; the railway company at last constructed the long-talked-of branch which now connects the town with the main line ; finally, that energetic contractor and builder, Mr. Buswell, of Bristol, came down, bought land, and set to work to erect villas, which were taken before their walls were dry. In short, Kingscliff, where the weather during December, January, and February is really not worse than might be expected in a place situated in that latitude and facing west-south-west, speedily blossomed out into a favorite winter resort. That the sun actually has more power there than in other parts of England one must not venture to deny, in the face of the formidable array of decimal figures which have been brought forward to prove it, and indeed it seems scarcely worth while to dispute about such minute differences ; but that it is amply shielded from the north and east by its overhanging red cliffs anybody can see at a glance, and the beauty of its position and of the surrounding scenery has never been called in question.

Yachtsmen, dawdling along the coast from regatta to regatta in the month of August, have long been familiar with this charming spot, and have admired it through their field-glasses ; but no yacht ever puts in there, because the anchorage is so bad, and the bay lies open to the quarter of prevailing winds. If you were running before the prevailing wind, and consequently making up Channel, you would obtain your first glimpse of Kingscliff immediately after rounding Halcombe Head, which forms the western horn of the bay. It is a low, bare promontory, exposed to the stormy blasts and swept by them of all vegetation save a few stunted shrubs ; the soft red sandstone of which it is composed is continually crumbling away and falling in great blocks into the sea, which blocks have been tormented by the rush of water into fantastic crags and pinnacles ; but as the red cliffs trend inland from this point they gradually increase in height ; their slopes, down to the water's edge, become clothed with hanging woodlands, and just where the eastern curve begins stands Kingscliff, a cluster of white cottages, fronted by a white beach, whereon some half-dozen of stout fishing-smacks are hauled up high and dry. Down the deep gully behind the village a trout-stream leaps to join the sea, the silvery gleam of its miniature cascades visible here and there between the trees. To the westward of this gully, and

at a considerable height above the village, there is a space of level ground occupied by Morden Court, the property of Rear-Admiral Greenwood, to whom also a good part of Kingscliff belongs, and behind the house there are more woods, topped by a stretch of heathy moor and by waving fields of wheat and barley.

Morden Court is a comfortable, substantial-looking mansion, but its architectural pretensions are slight ; the eye of the observant stranger is more likely to be attracted by an ancient Tudor building which rises conspicuous on the eastern side of the bay. It is of comparatively small dimensions, but is considered by connoisseurs to be a singularly perfect specimen of its style. This is Kingscliff Manor, where many generations of Winstowes have lived and died. The Winstowes were once a wealthy and powerful family, possessing properties of far greater size and importance than this cradle of their race, but their possessions gradually fell away from them ; the last of them is now dead, and the manor has passed to their neighbors, the Segraves of Beckton.

The first thing that you open out after leaving Kingscliff Bay is Beckton itself, a noble old grey structure, erected — possibly from an Italian design — rather more than two centuries ago. Viewed from the sea, Beckton, with its length of flat façade and its two jutting wings, is decidedly imposing. A long flight of semicircular granite steps leads up to its central entrance from a grassy bowling-green. Between this and the spectator there is a balustrade, also of granite, broken in the middle by wrought-iron gates, on either side of which is a high pillar, surmounted by a ball ; from the gates a second flight of steps leads down to a second lawn, then comes a second balustrade exactly similar to the first, a third flight of steps, after which there is an end of levelling, and nature is allowed to have her own way with the land until it touches the sea. The general effect is fine, though perhaps a little sombre, no flower-garden being visible from this quarter.

Kingscliff, as above described, is the Kingscliff of some years back ; nowadays the fishing-boats on the beach are flanked by a regiment of bathing-machines ; the Royal Hotel and the Marine Parade have displaced the fishermen's cottages, and a goodly portion of Admiral Greenwood's property is covered with smart villas. From the yachtsmen's point of view these changes may not seem to be altogether changes for the better, but from the point

of view of Admiral Greenwood, Mr. Buswell, the butcher, the baker, and the lodging-house keeper, and others too numerous to mention, they are a joy to the eye and a comfort to the heart. All these, comparing past with present times, are wont to lift up their hands with one consent and bless good Dr. Bartholomew. Nevertheless, at the time when this story opens, there was a dissentient minority. True, this minority consisted only of one, but then he was a host in himself. Major-General Sir Brian Segrave, K.C.B., owner of Beckton, of a moiety of Kingscliff, and of much land thereunto adjacent, was, as Mr. Buswell would frequently declare, a born obstructionist. Sir Brian had been vehemently opposed to the whole scheme of Kingscliff improvements from beginning to end. He did not, he said, want to have mushroom watering-places cropping up under his nose; pleasure-seekers were offensive to him; brass bands were more offensive still; Mr. Buswell was most offensive of all. There is every reason to believe that he would have quarrelled with his old friend Admiral Greenwood for aiding and abetting the enemy, had Admiral Greenwood been a man with whom it was at all possible to quarrel. He recognized the fact that he could not prevent other people from doing as they pleased with their own, but he considered that his wishes had not been sufficiently consulted in the matter; and as he was not only a country squire but an ex-military man, he was naturally disposed to resent such lack of deference.

One fine autumn morning this arbitrary, irascible, but thoroughly upright and honest old gentleman was riding through Kingscliff on his way homewards from the railway station, where he had been making a fine fuss about the non-arrival of some parcels which ought to have been there. He had always been against the construction of the local line, and was in the habit of declaring that everybody had been much better off when their goods had reached them by carrier. There had certainly been some irregularity of delivery in those days, but then the carrier had never professed to be regular, so that you knew where you were with him. The railway company, on the other hand, as he had just pointed out to the station-master, guaranteed punctuality, yet were never punctual. The station-master respectfully begged pardon, but thought otherwise. He believed there was no guarantee. Every effort was made to insure prompt delivery, but at that season

of the year, when the traffic was so heavy, it was next to impossible for the trains to keep their time. Sir Brian rejoined that that excuse was tantamount to an admission that the railway officials couldn't or wouldn't keep faith with the public. They all deserved penal servitude, and, for his part, he sincerely hoped that, when they had killed and maimed a few more of their fellow-creatures, they would get it.

He himself was in danger of being a little unpunctual at luncheon that day, for after he had ridden some distance it occurred to him that he had spoked somewhat too harshly, and he felt bound to return and mention that his words had not been intended to apply to the station-master personally.

"I didn't mean you, Simpkins; I meant your rascally, catchpenny employers. I don't suppose you are to blame."

Simpkins having expressed himself abundantly satisfied with this explanation, Sir Brian wished him good-day, and headed once more for home. Strangers turned to look at him as he rode slowly down the street, sitting square and erect upon his cob, a tall, handsome, aristocratic-looking personage, with hook nose, grey moustache twirled upwards, and a pair of blue eyes which looked out condescendingly, but not unkindly, upon men and things. The tradesmen and the lounging fishermen touched their hats to him, for he was popular, in spite of his little peculiarities, and he acknowledged their salutes with a smile and an uplifted forefinger. Just as he was emerging from the town, which terminates somewhat abruptly on its eastern side, a stout, vulgar-looking individual, who wore a frock coat, thrown open, an enormous gold watch-chain, and a tall white hat, accosted him, waddling out into the middle of the road.

"Good morning to you, Sir Brian. I was looking out for you; you're the very man I want to see."

Sir Brian drew rein, threw one quick glance of intense disgust at the speaker, and then gazed vacantly over his head. "Oh, Mr. Buswell, I believe?" said he in chilling accents (though he knew Buswell's face as well as he knew his work, and hated the one as much as the other).

"What can I do for you, Mr. Buswell?"

The successful contractor was not in the least abashed. He was rich, a great deal richer than Sir Brian Segrave; he was in a certain sense powerful; he had a sincere admiration for himself and a contempt equally sincere for the survivors of a worn-out feudal system.

"Well," he replied, with a sort of laugh, "you can do something for me, and something for yourself too at the same time, which is more to the purpose, maybe." He produced a roll of paper from the tail-pocket of his coat, and began flattening it upon his knee with his great red hand. "Now just run your eye over that, Sir Brian," said he; "it's a little plan I've had drawn out of Kingscliff as it ought to be, and as it *will* be in due course o' time."

"Thank you — no," returned Sir Brian hastily. "I feel no curiosity to inspect these fancy sketches. The subject is one in which I am not interested, and —"

"Not interested! ain't you though! Wait till you've seen my plan. Now just look at this. 'Ere's the new 'arbor works, promenade pier, aquarium, and winter garden. Further back you come to proposed row of 'igh-class dwelling-ouses, with southerly aspect, to be called Segrave Crescent; and up on the right, where the Manor 'Ouse now stands — the finest situation in the 'ole place — we think of erecting as many as twenty really elegant detached villas, with from one to three acres of land apiece, stabling, and every modern convenience. I look upon that property, sir, as destined to be the Belgraviar of Kingscliff."

"Where the Manor House now stands!" echoed Sir Brian, with a stare of astonishment. Then he could not resist glancing for a moment at the audacious design which was being held up before his eyes. "Why, Mr. Buswell," he exclaimed, "are you aware that the land upon which these — these fantastic arrangements figure happens to belong to me?"

"Of course I am aware that it belongs to you, Sir Brian, and I only wish it belonged to me — ha! ha! For the matter of that, I dessay it *will* belong to me some fine day; but in the mean time —"

"Mr. Buswell!" Lightning flashes shot from Sir Brian's blue eyes, his moustache twitched, his nostrils expanded, but he uttered no more than those two words, because, although to keep his temper under provocation was what he had never been able to accomplish in his life, yet by strenuous exertion of the will and clenching of the teeth he could sometimes retain control over it, and he was very sensible of the loss of dignity which must ensue from any bandying of words with this low-bred man of bricks and mortar.

Mr. Buswell stuck his hands in his pockets, laughed, and said soothingly, "There, there, Sir Brian, don't get angry

about it. Overtures have been made already to you upon this subject and they haven't been successful. You don't want to sell and you won't sell — we all know that. You make a mistake; but —"

"Kindly allow me to be the best judge of my own affairs, sir," interrupted the old gentleman in a choking voice.

"Oh, no — dash it all, Sir Brian, that's asking too much! I can't allow it, I can't really! I allow that you're free to manage your own affairs in your own way, but as for your being the best judge of 'em, why, common reason and common sense prove the contrary, you know. But never mind that, I ain't putting myself forward as an intending purchaser. What I want to p'int out to you is that you're the owner of land which is absolutely essential to Kingscliff, if it's ever to develop into the place it oughter be. These 'ere slopes, back of the town, and the bit of level by the Manor 'Ouse are worth more money than all the rest of Kingscliff together in my opinion, including what's been bought of Admiral Greenwood. You see, I'm quite candid with you. Now, you take my advice, Sir Brian Segrave, and let that land out on building-leases. In a few years' time you'll find your ground-rents bringing you in quite a nice little income, and your son or your grandson will be a wealthy man."

Sir Brian had by this time swallowed down a desperate inclination to use language unbecoming his age and position.

"I imagine, Mr. Buswell," said he, with laborious calmness, "that my views with regard to Kingscliff are no secret to you. I do not wish the town to become a fashionable watering-place, and if, as you say, I can check its development by declining to sell a single rood of my land for building purposes, I shall be sincerely rejoiced."

"Well, Sir Brian, your ideas are singular; but I suppose you've a right to 'em, same as I have to mine. Only I shouldn't be surprised if you was to change your mind when you come to think it over and consult your family. Take that little sketch 'ome with you, it'll 'elp you to see things more clearly."

"Thank you, Mr. Buswell, I will not deprive you of it."

"Don't mention it, sir, it ain't of no value to me; I can get as many as I like of it lithographed off in no time." And Mr. Buswell thrust his plan into the other's reluctant hand. "I don't doubt but what you'll change your mind," he repeated cheerfully.

At this Sir Brian's patience suddenly

gave way. He tore the obnoxious paper into fragments, scattered them to the winds, and hitting his cob smartly with the hunting-crop which he carried, galloped away without another word.

"What an extraordinary old creecher!" soliloquized Mr. Buswell aloud, as he gazed after the old gentleman's retreating form. "'Ere's a man about as 'ard up as he can be — 'ad to pinch and scrape ever since he come into the property to keep his 'ead above water, they tell me — and now when a windfall comes in his way that 'd make many a lord or dook skip for joy, he stands with his ears laid back like an old jackass, and won't touch it! And for no other reason under the sun than because he *is* a jackass! However, he won't live much longer, I dessay — go off in an apoplexy in one of his fits of temper, very likely — and then we shall be able to do business with his son. It's time there was an alteration made in the land laws of this country all the same."

CHAPTER II.

MAJOR.

SIR BRIAN SEGRAVE sent his cob at a hand-gallop up the steep hill which leads out of Kingscliff in the Beckton direction, to the surprise and indignation of that placid animal, which was not accustomed to being so ridden. But when he reached the summit of the ridge whence Beckton on the one side and Kingscliff on the other may be surveyed he pulled up, a little more heated in body and a little less so in spirit.

"What an ass I am!" he muttered, arriving at Mr. Buswell's conclusion from different premisses. "The chances are that that impudent vagabond only wanted to annoy me, and I allowed him to succeed. Let my land on building-leases indeed! He must have known perfectly well that I am just about as likely to do that as to make him a present of it. No, Mr. Buswell, you will have to find a site elsewhere for your aquarium and your winter garden and your other gimcrack advertisements; Kingscliff, I can assure you, will develop itself no further on this side so long as I live!"

He half turned in his saddle and flung this defiance back at his distant tormentor with a certain air of triumph; but then he sighed and became pensive, remembering that he would not live forever, and that he was already nearer seventy than sixty years of age.

"There ought to have been an entail,"

he murmured; "and yet I don't know; perhaps it is best as it is."

He had his reasons for deeming it possible that there might be some advantage in the absence of an entail — reasons with which many landed proprietors can sympathize. A man may have no wish or intention to cut off his eldest son; yet to possess the power of so doing is not disagreeable and adds a firm bulwark to paternal authority. Sir Brian's authority over his heir-apparent was not quite what he could have desired it to be, and as he recalled some of Mr. Buswell's remarks he felt one of those cold shivers run up his back which are apt to precede a fit of gout.

"Who knows?" he mused. "Brian may part with the land after I am gone. I don't think Gilbert would, but Brian is an uncertain fellow. He's flighty, he's opinionated, and I do believe he's something near a Radical at heart. It would be just like him to say that he had no right to hinder the prosperity of Kingscliff, or some such nonsense."

Sir Brian sighed a second time, then suddenly straightened himself up, with a short exclamation of impatience, gave a shake to his reins and cantered on.

Admiral Greenwood used to say that there never lived a man more determined to do his duty than Segrave, but that unfortunately Segrave could never distinguish between his duty and his inclination. This was a little hard upon Sir Brian, who had always done what he believed to be his duty and had by no means always felt inclined to do it; but perhaps what Admiral Greenwood meant was that his notions of duty were thoroughly proof against outside argument or persuasion. Somewhat late in life he had succeeded to Beckton, on the death of his brother, who had been a gambler and a spendthrift, and who left the property heavily encumbered. Sir Brian instantly set to work to put things straight, and found the task neither a light nor an agreeable one. He thought it his duty to keep up a large establishment, he thought it his duty to send his two sons to Eton and Oxford, and he was quite sure that it was his duty to economize. That he managed to make retrenchment compatible with these and other important items of expenditure was not a little to his credit. His method entailed considerable self-sacrifice and continual mortification, for he was by nature a generous man and hated to keep a strict account of half-crowns; yet he had adhered to it resolutely and, by denying himself

all personal luxuries, was able now in his old age to see daylight. He had not yet, it is true, paid off all the mortgages, still less had it been in his power to lay by anything out of income; but he hoped that, if he should be spared for another ten years or so, he might bequeath to his heir an estate entirely free of charges. To a man so situated the opportunity afforded by the sudden rise of Kingscliff into notoriety ought, one would think, to have been a godsend, and it would be difficult to assign any cause for Sir Brian's refusal to profit by it, save the uncomplimentary one suggested by Mr. Buswell. His privacy would not have been invaded by the proposed extension of the town, for the quarter in question was invisible from his residence and even from his park-gates. To pull down the fine old Manor House would have been a pity, no doubt; but in the Manor House and the few acres of land which surrounded it Sir Brian, as it happened, had only a life-interest, nor was it in the least on æsthetic grounds that he had set his face against the whole scheme. Had he been taken in the right way at the outset he might not improbably have acquiesced in what he now considered so objectionable; but he had not been taken in the right way. His dignity had been ruffled, his opinion had not been asked, his protests had been smiled at; and as he was both touchy and obstinate, it did not take him very long to persuade himself that Kingscliff as a watering-place was an abomination with which no man who had any sense of self-respect could consent to soil his fingers.

The worst of it was that he was afraid his eldest son didn't agree with him. The lad had never said this in so many words, but he had hinted at it, and Sir Brian hated hints. He did not hate his elder son; on the contrary, he had an affection for him which was deep and steady, as all his feelings were. But then, as he often said to himself impatiently, he didn't understand him. Now Gilbert he did understand, or thought he did. Gilbert was a sensible, practical fellow, a sound Conservative, a great favorite in society, a lover of sport, without being so given up to it as to waste his time over what ought to be only a relaxation, and an excellent judge of live stock, besides being thoroughly well up in all branches of agriculture. Without undue disparagement of Brian, there could be no question but that Gilbert would have filled the position of squire of Beckton more satisfactorily than his elder brother was likely to do. But Gilbert, poor fellow, had

made his entry into the world a year and a half too late, so he was reading for the bar, and might perhaps eventually make a fortune at that trade, since his talents were so great. Other fortune, however, he would have none; nor, although he never made any complaint, was it to be supposed that the occupation of a lawyer was congenial to his tastes.

Brian was an individual of a totally different stamp. He took no interest in farming, and indeed knew next to nothing about it; he did not trouble himself much to be civil to the neighbors; his great passion was his love of music. Sometimes his father was afraid that he had got no good out of Oxford. Oxford was a terrible place for picking up fads, if a man had a leaning that way—political fads, religious fads, educational fads, and what not. There were signs that Brian had assimilated some of these; certainly he did not appear to have assimilated anything else worth speaking of. To be sure, he was a bachelor of music, whatever that might imply. Music, his father thought, was all very well in its way, but there was something slightly incongruous and absurd in the idea of a musical squire. Moreover, there was one respect, and rather an important one, in which Brian differed from Gilbert; he had not the faintest notion of the value of money. He could not exactly be called extravagant, but he had a habit of giving and lending whenever he was asked, also of buying whatever chanced to take his fancy and paying for it or letting payment stand over according as he happened to have money in his pocket or not at the time. Then, when bills were sent in to his father, he would say that he was very sorry, but really he had forgotten all about them. He was always exceeding his allowance, without having anything to show for his expenditure, whereas Gilbert, who had never been in debt in his life, was both better dressed and better provided with all the small necessities and luxuries of existence than he.

These things often made Sir Brian thoughtful, and it was in a thoughtful mood that he now reached home and sat down to his solitary luncheon. The young gentlemen had gone out shooting, the butler told him, and had said they should not be back before dusk.

Sir Brian did not linger long in the spacious and rather gloomy dining-room which had been the scene of many revels in years gone by, and where, in these latter times, the neighbors were entertained

at a solemn dinner party about once a month. The Turkey carpet was very old and faded, as were also the curtains; the massive mahogany chairs, purchased probably in the beginning of the century, looked as if their framework might hold out for another hundred years, but were woefully in want of re-stuffing; the tablecloth had evidently done duty for several days. Perhaps one of the most painful deprivations imposed by poverty upon the frugal is that of a daily supply of clean table-linen. Sir Brian, who was refined and fastidious by nature, had felt it to be so once, but he had grown accustomed to such things now and hardly noticed them. When he had disposed of the not very abundant fare set before him, he betook himself to his study where he wrote letters for an hour, after which, the afternoon being so fine, he thought he would stroll out and try to find his sons.

So he put on his hat and, knowing well which direction to take, mounted the grassy hill behind the house until he reached an expanse of heathery moor, beyond which many undulating fields of stubble and roots stretched away to meet the sky. Far beneath him, on his left hand, lay Kingscliff, the smoke from the town rising straight into the still air. The calm sea, with broad bands of silver where the sun fell upon it from between the clouds, was lost in mists towards the horizon. The red cliffs, the yellow woods, the soft melancholy of the western autumn, all these had a certain influence upon Sir Brian as he paused to take breath and survey the prospect. A verse from the Psalms came into his mind: "The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground: yea, I have a goodly heritage."

"Ah, well!" he murmured, resuming his walk, "I suppose so; I suppose one must say so. All things considered, I ought to give thanks — only I wish I had rather more ready money!"

After he had proceeded some little way he was brought to a standstill by the sound of a couple of shots in the distance.

"Ah," he said, "I thought they would try this beat. I shall find them in John Shapley's mangolds most likely — at least I shall find Gilbert; as for Brian, he is pretty sure to have had enough of it an hour or two ago and gone off to play the organ or something."

However, Sir Brian was less accurate in this forecast than he had been as to locality, for when he had scrambled rather stiffly down a bank, had made his way up a deep lane, and had dropped his elbows

on a five-barred gate, the figure that he saw slowly tramping through the field of mangolds on the other side of it was that of his elder, not of his younger son. At the same moment the old red setter by whom the sportsman was accompanied became suddenly rigid, and immediately afterwards a large covey of partridges rose. The young man fired both barrels and brought down three birds; after which he left the keeper, who was carrying the game-bag, to pick up the slain, and came striding towards his father with a pleasant smile upon his face.

His face was pleasant as well as his smile. It was not handsome, because both the nose and the mouth were too large for beauty and the cheekbones were somewhat too high, but the eyes, which were of a soft iron-grey tinge and which were surmounted by well-marked black eyebrows, might almost be called beautiful. Indeed, Brian was generally accounted a good-looking fellow, for he stood six foot two in his stockings, his figure was well proportioned and he had the appearance of great physical strength. He wore his dark hair very short, and his upper lip was only just beginning to display signs of an approaching moustache.

"Well," said his father, "what sort of a bag have you made?"

"Pretty fair; nine brace and a half between us."

"Does that mean that Gilbert killed eight brace?"

"No," answered the young man, laughing, "it isn't Gilbert's day. He was missing everything before lunch, so he said it was no use going on, and I believe he has strolled over to Morden."

"Gilbert is a better shot than you are," remarked Sir Brian a little aggressively.

"I know he is; but sometimes I manage to hit them. You must admit that that last wasn't such a bad shot."

"I don't call it good to bring down a brace with one cartridge. You must have fired into the brown of them."

"The second bird crossed."

"Humph! that's the usual excuse. What did Gilbert go to Morden for?"

"He wanted to see the Greenwoods, I suppose."

"Well, I suppose so; one doesn't generally go to a house unless one wants to see the inhabitants. At least, most people don't. You do, I dare say."

The young man laid his gun down on the bank, seated himself on the gate, over which his father was still leaning, and looked down into the old gentleman's face.

"What has been putting you out?" he asked good-humoredly.

"I'm not put out at all," answered Sir Brian. "Don't talk nonsense."

"You are, though," persisted the other; "you wouldn't have snapped at me like that if you hadn't been annoyed about something. Come, what is it?"

"I didn't snap at you; what do you mean?" returned Sir Brian, trying to look angry, but in reality he was pleased, because he liked to talk over his griefs and grievances, and since his wife's death nobody but Brian had ever taken the trouble to notice his moods. Gilbert was less observant; it was the one defect in an otherwise admirable character.

"It's enough to put anybody out," he resumed after a short pause, "to be accosted and insulted by Mr. Buswell."

"Oh, Buswell. Yes; he is rather a cad, certainly. Not a bad sort of a fellow, though, in his own way."

"It would be interesting," observed Sir Brian with studied calmness, "to hear what, in your opinion, constitutes a bad sort of fellow. If Mr. Buswell is a good fellow, I suppose I don't know the meaning of words, that's all."

"Well, I think he is honest."

"Honest! Upon my word, you are very charitable! However, we will give him the benefit of the doubt. We'll call him honest, since you insist upon it; but I think I am keeping well within the limits of moderation when I say that he is an infernal, insolent blackguard."

"Dear me, what *has* he been doing?"

"Oh, nothing new. I have had these applications before, of course, but he hasn't had the impertinence to address himself to me personally until to-day; and really I think it is getting a little beyond a joke when a man actually has plans drawn up disposing of your property to suit his convenience. Would you believe that he handed me a paper with the whole precious scheme in black and white? A winter garden, an aquarium, and I don't know what else, and then a row of houses to be called Segrave Crescent, if you please! He said he was sure I should consent to sell when I had thought things over; and upon my life, I can't feel certain whether the fellow was laughing at me or not."

"I shouldn't think he was laughing at you. What land was it that he wanted?"

"Oh, the fields on this side of Kings-cliff of course, and the land below the Manor House. In fact, he said he should like to have the Manor House itself. I

suppose he doesn't know that I couldn't part with that, if I would."

"It's poor land," remarked the young man meditatively.

"What the deuce has that to do with it?"

"Nothing, if you are determined to eschew Buswell and all his works."

Sir Brian sprang back from the gate, stood erect, and struck his stick sharply against the ground.

"I thought you were aware that if there is anything in the world about which I am determined it is that."

"Yes; I have often heard you say so; but I have also heard you say very often that you were so hard up you didn't know which way to turn for a five-pound note. Upon the face of the thing, it looks as if it might be worth your while to sell a few acres of bad land. Of course I don't know what your reasons may be for refusing to sell; I have never heard you mention them."

"My reasons!" cried Sir Brian, in great perturbation. "Must I give reasons for everything that I do or leave undone? I have reasons, and I could give them if I chose; but surely, *surely* for you it ought to be sufficient to know that I would rather cut off my right hand than act as you suggest."

The young man raised his eyebrows slightly and smiled.

"For me? oh, yes, that's sufficient for me," he answered. "Personally, I don't much mind being hard up; it's my normal condition. Only it seems a pity that you should have money worries if they can be avoided. If they can't be avoided, they can't."

The old gentleman was about to make some rejoinder; but the keeper, who, during this conversation, had been standing apart, coughing discreetly at intervals to attract attention, here lost patience and came forward to ask whether Mr. Brian was going to try the stubbles or not, because the light wouldn't hold out much longer. The interruption was not altogether unwelcome to Sir Brian; for he had a curious dread of coming to a direct conflict of opinion with his heir upon this subject. He was not prepared to decide what course he should adopt in the event of such a conflict arising.

So they scrambled through the hedge into the adjoining field and tramped silently on, the dog ranging ahead; and presently, with a sudden whirr of wings, a covey got up on their extreme right. It was a long shot, but the young man fired,

and missed. At the same instant a piercing shriek arose from the lane over which the birds had taken flight.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir Brian, aghast; "you've hit somebody!"

And he started off running in the direction whence the cry had proceeded, followed by his son, who was not less alarmed than he.

It did not diminish their consternation, when they had plunged down into the lane, to find themselves confronted with two ladies, though, to be sure, both of them appeared to be perfectly safe and sound. Sir Brian, hat in hand, began to pour forth profuse apologies, until the elder of the pair, who was stout and good-humored-looking, stopped him.

"It is I who should beg pardon for having startled you," she said. "Indeed, I dare say we ought to beg pardon for being here at all, only we thought it was a public road."

"It is a public road, you are quite right," returned Sir Brian; "and it was inexcusably careless of my son to fire as he did."

"I am very sorry that I frightened you," said Brian a little resentfully; "but I can assure you that you frightened me too. Why did you scream if you were not hurt?"

"Because I couldn't help it," answered the stout lady, laughing. "I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am ashamed of myself, but the report of firearms always produces that effect upon me. If you were to let off the other barrel now — only I hope you won't — I should do just the same thing again."

"Miss Joy is gun-shy," observed the younger lady gravely; "she ought not to be taken out for country walks after the 1st of September."

Brian turned round and beheld the girl who (if he had known it) had been pronounced by all London a few months back, to be the beauty of the season. Possibly her exquisite complexion, her rippling hair of a bronze tinge, her straight brows and the clear brown eyes that looked out from beneath them, might not of themselves have sufficed to obtain that proud distinction for her, had she not possessed other claims upon the admiration of mankind which have always been found very potent. She was a great heiress; she had a certain imperious way with her; and either instinct or experience, or both, had dowered her with a wonderfully precise knowledge of the foibles of the opposite sex. Therefore the men of London, young

and old, married and single, had with one consent fallen down and worshipped Miss Huntley; and Brian, gazing at her as she stood there in her well-fitting dark cloth costume, her head slightly thrown back and the dawning of a smile upon her lips, felt very much inclined to do likewise.

Brian did not know a great deal about young women. As a rule, they rather frightened him; he avoided them when he could, and was wont to assure his brother, who had quite other tastes, that he was not susceptible. Yet in after days, when his love for Beatrice Huntley had become a passion as deep and lasting as it was hopeless, he felt convinced that he had lost his heart to her at the very moment of their first encounter. Perhaps, however, he was not strictly accurate in this impression; perhaps it was not until a few seconds later that the catastrophe in question actually occurred. For Sir Brian, who seemed quite eager to prove his son open to a charge of manslaughter, now turned away from the lady who had been spoken of as Miss Joy, and addressed himself to her companion.

"Nothing can excuse firing across a road," said he. "If you have escaped with a fright we have only Providence to thank for it."

"I should be sorry to deprive Providence of any thanks that may be due in that quarter, and I confess that I am very ignorant about guns," answered the young lady; "but it seems to me that any one who was trying to shoot those birds could not possibly have succeeded in shooting us. They must have been quite thirty feet above our heads."

"Oh, no, excuse me, not nearly so much. And I dare say you are not aware that shot is apt to scatter."

"I see. Of course, then, if you had happened to have a gun with you, you would not have dreamt of firing."

Sir Brian, who was a strictly truthful man, remained silent and looked a little foolish, while Brian the younger ventured to throw a grateful glance at his champion. She laughed, displaying a row of beautifully white and even teeth.

"At any rate," said she, "we must not keep you any longer from your sport. Perhaps you can tell us whether this lane leads to Kingscliff."

"Well, not exactly," replied Sir Brian; "but, if you will allow us, we will go a little distance with you and show you a short cut."

After a few conventional protests, this offer was graciously accepted, and the

group set itself in motion, the two elder members of it walking first, while the remaining couple followed. During the ensuing five minutes Brian heard Miss Huntley's name, learned that she had taken a house at Kingscliff for a few months for the sake of her companion Miss Joy, who suffered from bronchitis, and was informed that she had already met his brother Gilbert at a dance.

"Why were you not there?" she inquired. "Do you despise dances?"

"No," answered Brian; "but I am not a good dancer; and besides——"

"What besides?"

"Well, I am not very fond of society. In fact, I don't shine in it."

"It is easier to shine in society than to dance well; but both accomplishments can be learned, if you think them worth the trouble."

"Where can one get lessons?" asked the young man.

"I believe," replied Miss Huntley, "that I may describe myself as a well-qualified teacher. Bear me in mind, if you decide upon going through a course of instruction."

Then, before he could say anything more, she joined the others, who had come to a standstill.

"I suppose," said she, "that our paths diverge here. Thank you very much. Good-evening."

So the two ladies departed; not, however, before Brian, somewhat to his father's surprise, had requested and obtained permission to send them two brace of partridges.

"That is a good-looking girl," the old gentleman remarked presently. "I don't think it is necessary to offer strangers game, though. The next thing will be that we shall have her calling at Beckton."

"I hope she will," said Brian; "I thought her charming."

"Well, I don't know about that. It seems that she is a daughter of Huntley's, the great contractor, you know, who left a couple of millions, they say."

"She is none the worse for that, is she?"

"Probably not; but I think I remember to have heard that there was a son—or sons."

"I meant that she is none the worse for being the daughter of a contractor."

"Oh, you wouldn't think so, of course; your friend Mr. Buswell is by way of being a sort of contractor, isn't he? In one sense nobody is the worse for being of

low origin, and if one is thrown with such people one ought to be civil to them. But I don't feel called upon to seek them out."

CHAPTER III.

MINOR.

THERE are men—most of us are acquainted with some of them—whose prosperity appears to be constant and un-failing. In whatsoever they undertake they thrive; they fall into no misfortune, like other folk; they have many friends and few enemies; and we cannot but envy them their luck, while wondering what in the world they have done to deserve it. But in the generality of cases it will be found that these are men of fair and florid complexion, the whites of whose eyes are clear, and their joints supple; and although, no doubt, it is a piece of luck in itself, and a great one, to be so constituted, yet it is perhaps that alone which distinguishes them from the herd of their fellow-creatures. They may lose those nearest and dearest to them; they may invest their money badly; they may tumble down and break their bones, like the rest of us, but they bear these disasters cheerfully, and nobody thinks of them as afflicted, because their digestions are sound, and their systems free from latent gout. The redundancy of their health will not suffer them to do otherwise than make the best of things; to which cause also may generally be traced their success in life, as well as the circumstance that they are for the most part confirmed optimists, prone to the assertion that all their geese are swans. *Terque quaterque beati!* Not only do they obtain their desires, they are conscious of having obtained them.

Admiral Greenwood, that deservedly popular personage, was quite conscious of being a happy man, and was wont to describe himself as such with the utmost emphasis to all and sundry who would listen to him. In truth he was able, at the age of sixty or thereabouts, to point to very substantial reasons for his satisfaction with his lot; for he had a wife who adored him, a daughter who was both pretty and sweet-tempered, a comfortable home, a comfortable income, and the best of good consciences. He had not always been equally prosperous, though it is likely enough that he had always been equally joyous. In the days before the advent of Sir Guy Bartholomew and Mr. Buswell, Morden Court had been let or had stood empty, waiting for a tenant, while its owner, whose means were not

then large enough to permit of his setting up his household gods there, had either been at sea or dwelling with his family at some temporary marine residence where the necessities of life were cheap. But when the fortunes of Kingscliff began to rise, the fortunes of the gallant admiral followed suit. He sold a good slice of his property (being deterred by no such fanciful scruples as hampered his neighbor at Beckton), realized a handsome profit thereby, returned to the home of his ancestors upon the strength of it, and when he attended divine service on the first Sunday after his arrival, followed up the reading of the general thanksgiving with such a tremendous amen that he made the whole congregation jump like one man.

The heartiness of the admiral's responses was a little disturbing at first to nervous people, and indeed his voice was at all times calculated to recall memories of stormy weather at sea; but Kingscliff soon became accustomed to him, and nobody could help liking him. Even Sir Brian Segrave, who regarded him as a renegade to his order, and told him so, could not hold out against his indomitable good humor. His hospitality was boundless and perfectly indiscriminate; and a fortunate thing it was for him that his wife was as good-natured as himself, for he sometimes brought some queer-looking people home to dinner.

Morden Court, as has been said, was a comfortable, roomy house, though not a grand one. Built by Admiral Greenwood's father to replace a former structure which had been burnt down, it had the characteristics of an inartistic period and, with its bow-windows and coat of white paint, was no great addition to the beauty of the landscape; at the same time, it could not be called ugly, and doubtless many people would have preferred it as a residence to Beckton. Its garden, too, in which Mrs. Greenwood took some pride, was well laid out, and could display as fine a show of roses in the summer-time as any in the neighborhood. When the season of roses was over, there was no lack of dahlias, china-asters, belladonna lilies, and other flowers to take their place, and these, as the year declined, were succeeded by chrysanthemums of all shapes, sizes, and hues.

On that same fine autumn afternoon which was treated of in the last chapter, Mrs. Greenwood, armed with a large pair of gardening-scissors, was pottering about among the beds, snipping off the very best blooms, with an occasional sigh and

murmur, and handing them to her daughter, who held out a capacious basket to receive them.

"You know, Kitty," she was saying, "I do think it is a sad waste. If at least you were going to put them into vases it would be some consolation; but to twist the poor things into wreaths or crosses, or whatever it is that you make of them, knowing that they must die in a few hours, is very much like wanton destruction, to my mind. And I can't see why St. Michael should want this perpetual dressing up, when our own church goes bare from Easter to Christmas, and is none the worse."

"But if we had picked double the number they would never have been missed from these crowded beds," Miss Kitty declared; "and surely it is better that the flowers should die at St. Michael's than wither away on their stems without having been noticed by anybody."

Mrs. Greenwood straightened up her back and laughed. She was a little round-about woman, who had evidently been pretty some thirty years back, and whose abundant grey hair and rosy complexion still conferred upon her such a measure of good looks as old age can pretend to.

"Do you think they make a more edifying end in the bosom of the Church, and are they sprinkled with holy water before they die?" she asked. "There, my dear, you know I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, and I am sure Mr. Monckton is a most excellent man; though personally I don't admire a cassock, because I am old-fashioned."

"Now, mamma, you can't really mean that you like to see a pair of black legs below a surplice!"

"I do indeed, though; I think petticoats should be reserved for women. A man ought to display his legs — especially if he has well-shaped ones, like Gilbert Segrave, whom I see coming out of the house."

Miss Greenwood looked up, and the delicate rose-pink of her cheeks deepened ever so slightly. There were people who said that Kitty Greenwood was like a wax doll; but these were ill-natured people, who perhaps would not have been sorry if the same description could have been given of themselves with truth. Certainly she was a very small person, and her hair was of that glossy texture and pale golden color which we are accustomed to see displayed in the windows of the toy-shops, and her mouth was shaped like a Cupid's bow, and her blue eyes were round and

wide open; but any unprejudiced critic must allow that these things form a decidedly pretty combination; and if Miss Kitty neither looked nor was profoundly wise, that did not prevent her from possessing a warm heart and a very fair share of accomplishments.

The young man who was advancing across the lawn was both like and unlike Brian Segrave. The resemblance struck you at the first glance, while the dissimilarity became more and more patent upon closer inspection. He was cast in a smaller and more refined mould than his brother; his features were more delicately cut, and although he was the younger by more than a year, he had far less of the appearance of youth about him. Perhaps the short, reddish-brown beard and moustache which he wore had something to do with this. His hair was of the same tinge, as were also his eyes. To many people there is something a little repellent in red-brown eyes; but that there was anything repellent, either inwardly or outwardly, about Gilbert Segrave would have been an unsafe criticism to utter in Kingscliff, where he was greatly liked and admired by all classes of the community. For the rest, he was a very carefully turned-out young man, his grey velvet costume fitting him to perfection, and the legs to which Mrs. Greenwood had made allusion being clad in unwrinkled box-cloth gaiters, terminated by a pair of shooting-boots, which, though serviceable, were small, well made, and did not turn up at the toes, as the shooting-boots of some folks are apt to do. He carried his gun under his arm, and on his head he wore a highly becoming steeple-crowned hat of soft grey felt, which he lifted as he approached the ladies.

"I have come to beg for a cup of tea and a little consolation," he said, after he had shaken hands with them. "I have been shooting with my big brother, who for once in a way has been shooting well, whereas I couldn't touch a feather. My nerves must be upset by the unwonted dissipation of a Kingscliff ball. I hope you are not the worse for it."

"Oh, dear no; all the better," Mrs. Greenwood replied briskly. "We must try to get up a little more dancing; it brings the young people together. And now tell me what you thought of the beauty."

"The beauty?" echoed Gilbert vaguely; and he sent a swift, sidelong glance at Kitty, which may have been intended to signify that he had had eyes only for the

beauty of one person on the occasion referred to.

"Now, don't pretend not to know what I mean," cried Mrs. Greenwood. "Of course, we have nobody here who can be compared in point of looks with Miss Huntley." (But in her heart of hearts she thought that her own daughter had no cause to dread the comparison.)

"Oh, Miss Huntley!" said Gilbert. "Yes, she is handsome, certainly. On rather too large a scale, don't you think? I didn't notice her particularly."

"I saw you dancing with her, at all events," remarked Mrs. Greenwood.

"Yes, once — just after I had been introduced to her. Is she considered to be a beauty?"

"You know she is; and she is said to have an immense fortune, and she thinks of spending several months here. So you see there is a fine opening for you."

Gilbert shook his head. "Great beauties and great heiresses won't look at younger sons," he said; "and I have always given you credit for being above mercenary considerations."

"Indeed I am!" cried Mrs. Greenwood, who was accustomed to place a strictly literal interpretation upon all that was said to her. "Wealth is a convenience; but nobody knows better than I do that it isn't at all an essential. For years after I married I was very poor and perfectly happy — except, of course, when it blew a gale and Tom was afloat in command of a leaky gunboat — and I would a thousand times rather see any child of mine happy than rich."

She really meant what she said, the excellent woman; and the suddenness with which she discovered that she must go in-doors and make the tea was, perhaps, some proof of her sincerity. If Gilbert Segrave ever became a rich man, it certainly could not be for many years to come; and Gilbert Segrave, as this fond mother had not failed to notice, had been very attentive to Kitty of late.

She left the young people to wander about the garden together and went into the house, where she was presently joined by her husband. The admiral, a hale, broad-shouldered, weather-beaten old gentleman, with short, grey whiskers and a true sailor's mouth, expressive alike of good-humor and determination, strolled to the window, with his hands in his pockets, and ejaculated, "Hah!"

"What do you mean by 'Hah!' Tom?" inquired Mrs. Greenwood, filling the tea-

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"What do I mean by 'Hah!' Mary? Why, I mean that that young spark who is walking up and down with your only daughter hasn't a sixpence; and I mean that he has been walking and talking and dancing a deuced deal too much with her these last few weeks. That's what I mean."

"Well, you needn't swear about it, Tom," said Mrs. Greenwood.

"Mary, you know very well that I never swear, except under the strongest provocation, and when I am speaking to people who wouldn't understand me unless I did it. Are you prepared to see Kitty either married to a pauper or bound down to a long engagement? Answer me that, you foolish woman."

"You are always so ready to jump to conclusions, Tom; very likely neither of them is dreaming of an engagement. And he is such a dear good fellow, he is sure to get on."

"How do I know that he will get on? Or that he is a dear good fellow either, for the matter of that? I like Brian better myself."

"I can't imagine why. Besides, Brian has never taken the least notice of Kitty."

"That's against him, I admit. But seriously, Mary, I think Kitty might do better. Some day or other she will be comfortably off, no doubt; but you and I are tolerably healthy people, and the chances are that her husband, whoever he may be, will have to support her until they are both getting on in life."

Then Mrs. Greenwood brought forward as an argument the statement about her own experience which she had made, a short time before, to another audience; whereat the admiral scratched his head, and grumbled under his breath. He was well aware that if he were to be opposed to his wife and daughter upon any given point, victory would assuredly declare itself for the allies; not because their wills were stronger than his, but because he could not bear to disappoint either of them, so he only said, —

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of Kitty. It strikes me that she is well enough as she is."

Mrs. Greenwood set down the teapot in order to throw up her hands. "I in a hurry! Haven't I been telling you all this time that I should be very much disappointed in Gilbert Segrave if he ventured to propose to Kitty before he had some professional income to offer her?"

"I didn't hear you," observed the admiral, "but I applaud your sentiments."

"And I'm sure you can't really think," Mrs. Greenwood went on, "that I want to get rid of dear Kitty. Of course I should like to see her happily married. The more so because I don't know that I agree with you in thinking her well enough as she is. I can't help feeling uneasy about all this Sunday-school teaching, and district visiting, and attending of services at St. Michael's."

"She'll get no harm there," said the admiral confidently. "Young people must have enthusiasms of one kind or another, and I don't call that a bad kind of enthusiasm. Monckton is a first-rate fellow, too."

"Maybe he is; but I believe you only admire him so much because he knows how to sail a boat."

"Not a bit of it! Any fool can learn to sail a boat, but there are precious few men who can preach like Monckton, let me tell you; and fewer still who practise what they preach, as he does. Look at the work he has done! Why, there are some slums on Segrave's property at the east end of the town, where they tell me that the doctor didn't dare to go, a few years ago, without a couple of policemen, and now Kitty can walk through them from end to end, and never hear an uncivil word. If a parson can bring about changes of that sort, hang me if I care what uniform he wears! — and he shall have as many flowers out of my garden as he likes."

"Oh, I suppose so! In fact, I have just been gathering a whole basketful for him. The end of this will be, Tom, that you will go over to Rome."

"No, I won't go over to Rome; I won't even go to St. Michael's. I shall sit in our own parish church every Sunday morning as long as I live, and I'd put in an appearance in the afternoon, too, only I can't keep awake; and now that they've done away with the square pews, I'm afraid of setting a bad example to the congregation. Here comes young Segrave with Kitty. Confound the fellow! I wonder what he's saying to her. How are you, Gilbert? Had any sport to-day?"

"How do you do, admiral?" said Gilbert, stepping in through the open window. "No, I couldn't manage to hit them, somehow. I was telling Miss Greenwood that dancing and late hours have put my eye all wrong; and now she wants me to repeat the dose."

"Papa, dear," said Kitty, putting her hands on the admiral's shoulders and rais-

ing her pretty face to his, "don't you think we ought to give a dance?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" groaned the admiral. "And have the house turned topsy-turvy for a week! I thought that kind of thing never began until after Christmas."

"But Christmas is such a long, long way off; and Mr. Segrave says he will have to go to London as soon as the Michaelmas term begins."

"Can't we give a dance without Mr. Segrave?"

"Not very well, because I do so want to have a cotillon, and nobody can lead it as he does. We have been talking it all over, and he knows ever so many new figures."

"Well, well," said the admiral, who, perhaps, was relieved to hear that the young people had been talking over nothing more serious than a cotillon, "you can have your dance if your mother doesn't object; only, mind, my den isn't to be interfered with."

So the old gentleman, having received a kiss and a promise that he should be put to no more discomfort than was inevitable, proceeded in the plenitude of his good-nature to say, —

"You might as well stop and dine with us, Gilbert, my boy. Never mind about dressing; and we'll send you home in the dog-cart."

From all of which it will be perceived that Admiral Greenwood, though a man of considerable resolution and common sense, was by no means master in his own house.

From Time.

CONVICTS IN PARLIAMENT.

It is not often that electioneering episodes in a foreign country are of sufficient interest to deserve or attract the attention of English readers; but one of the contests in the last general election in Italy was fought on so unusual an issue, and led to so remarkable a result, that it seems worth while to rescue it from the limbo of the local press to which such incidents are ordinarily consigned.

During the past three or four years there has been spreading through Italy a spirit of restless discontent against the repressive and, as its enemies say, reactionary *régime* of Signor Depretis' government. In the provinces of Emilia and Romagna, and in some parts of Lombardy,

where the present agricultural crisis has brought cruel distress to farmers and laborers, their suffering has found expression in such ways as to cause considerable anxiety, not to say apprehension, not only to the local authorities, but even to the central government. Agricultural wages in these districts have for many years been miserably small, often falling as low as sevenpence or eightpence a day for an able-bodied man. When, on the top of this, the general drop in prices compelled farmers to retrench, a large number of laborers found it impossible to get work on any terms, and, being easily persuaded, for hunger is a masterful logician, that the hard times were a direct and natural consequence of the sins and blunders of the government, lent a ready ear to agitators of every sort. Owing to a variety of causes, these provinces have, far more than any others, suffered from the drop in prices, and in them only, with the exception of a few large towns, have the apostles of the Socialist gospel been able to enrol disciples. Here, too, and here only, have agricultural strikes become frequent. These, accompanied sometimes by violence, and put down by the intervention of the military, have been followed by wholesale arrests and monster trials. Among the most noteworthy of these trials was that which occupied the law courts of Venice for six weeks last spring, and terminated at the end of March in the acquittal of all the defendants, thirty-two Mantuan peasants, charged with conspiring against public order and inciting others to strike. Many of the accused had been in prison a year, almost to the day, at the time of their discharge, and the examination of four hundred and forty-five witnesses, besides the reading of a whole mountain of depositions, had been found necessary to arrive at that result.

The discontent of which such disorders are a symptom, not removed, though perhaps driven in by repressive treatment, has in several recent elections found expression in so-called "protest candidatures." This line of tactics, not altogether unknown in Ireland, consists in nominating, and, if possible, returning a candidate for no other reason than that he has incurred the ill-will of the government; even in spite of, or perhaps rather because of, his being for some reason or other disqualified for election.

The election which first brought this mode of political warfare into fashion was that of Professor Sbarbero, a man of some little literary reputation, and, as his ene-

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mies afterwards found to their cost, master of an incisive style ranging from covert irony to the fiercest invective.

His name first came prominently before the public in connection with a somewhat scandalous incident. He had some time previously been deprived of his chair by Signor Baccelli, at that time minister of public instruction, on the ground that he took advantage of his position to teach republican doctrines to his pupils. Thereupon he came to Rome to appeal against what he thought a tyrannical, if not illegal, abuse of power. Meeting the minister in the street, the impetuous and hot-tempered professor, *more Italico*, gave vent to his feelings in a very unacademical manner by spitting at, or, according to his own account, towards his oppressor. Then followed a series of apologies, retractions, charges, and counter-charges and trials, out of which none of the actors were thought to come with credit.

It was soon after this that Professor Sbarbero, still intent on obtaining satisfaction for his real or fancied wrongs, made himself notorious as editor and sole contributor to the *Forche Caudine*, a paper written with something of the wit and more than all the acerbity of the "letters of Junius," and which rapidly acquired an enormous circulation. This publication, which earned its popularity by venomous attacks on the leading men of the country, including the most prominent members of the government, and by putting in circulation scandalous stories about themselves and their families, was before long suppressed. The editor was indicted for libel, and blackmail, and a warrant issued for his arrest.

After a long and exciting chase, in the course of which the professor developed a variety of resource that would have done credit to any hero in Ainsworth's romances, he was finally run to earth, and captured at his lodging in a back street of the Trasterere district disguised as a woman. He was then put on his trial, released on bail, escaped to Switzerland, and while there was condemned to seven years' imprisonment for press offences. While refugee in that country, he was run as a "protest" candidate in a by-election, and placed at the head of the poll by the citizens of Parma. The professor was thus able, while his case was being reconsidered by the court of appeal, to return to Italy under the *agis* of deputy, and harass in the Chamber the ministers whom he had slandered and blackmailed as journalist.

The constituents who cast their votes for Sbarbero showed themselves wanting in a due sense of their responsibilities and duties as electors, but their candidate was, at all events, a man of education and ability, and however unscrupulous and reckless was his own subsequent conduct, it was thought, and not without some reason, that he had in the first place been hardly used. His dismissal was certainly a harsh measure, a blunder if not a crime, and if he had taken justice into his own hands he had received much provocation.

But Professor Sbarbero's political career has since been quite thrown into the shade by another election, the incidents and actors in which are worth studying for the lurid light they cast on the temper of electors and the administration of justice in Italy, no less than on the type of man who comes to the front as leader of the cosmopolitan Socialistic movement on the Continent.

To appreciate the circumstances of the strange story, it is necessary to go back a few years and cast a glance over the early career of the man whom several thousand Italians honored with their votes. Hamilcas Cipriani was born in the year 1838 in the little fishing village of Porto d' Anzio, the "lovely Antium" of Horace. He soon discovered that the air of the pontifical states was uncongenial, and, migrating to north Italy, was enrolled in the Piedmontese army, in which, by 1859, he had earned the rank of corporal. In 1860 he deserted to join the reinforcements led by Bixio to Sicily in support of Garibaldi's "thousand." Under Garibaldi Cipriani served through the Sicilian and Neapolitan campaigns, and then returned to his regiment, where no notice was taken of an offence at which, under the circumstances, every one was disposed to wink.

In 1862, being then sergeant, he again deserted to join Garibaldi in his ill-starred expedition on Rome, and took part in the disastrous skirmish at Aspromonte, where Garibaldi was wounded and taken prisoner. Cipriani managed to escape from capture by the king's troops, but having no hope that this second offence would be overlooked, lay in hiding till he was able to make his way to Greece. There he took part in the revolution that led to the flight of King Otto, but being banished by the new government he drifted to Egypt.

In Alexandria he obtained a situation with Messrs. Dervieux and Co., and it might have been thought that his restless

spirit would at last follow the peaceful paths of civil life. But even there he managed to keep in touch with politicians of the more turbulent order, and was one of the founders of the Alexandrian branch of the Italian Democratic Society, and of a yet more aggressive Mazzinian society, — the "Sacred Phalanx."

In 1866 the war with Austria broke out, and Cipriani returned to Italy, and served through the campaign as a private in the volunteers. At the close of the war he returned to Alexandria, and there, in September, 1867, after a drinking-bout with some friends, he got into an altercation with one of them, Fortunato Santini, struck him down with a blow of his dagger, and then stabbed two Egyptian police who tried to arrest him. Such, at least, was the official account of the affair. Cipriani's own version was that Santini was the aggressor, that he had killed him in self-defence, and then, while trying to escape, had struck at the policemen under the impression that they were others of the party pursuing him to avenge the death of their companion. However that may be, all three men died of their wounds, and Cipriani, knowing that a warrant was out for his arrest, made good his escape to Crete. He landed in that island just in the nick of time to take part in the insurrection of 1867-68, and while there he struck up, with the Frenchman Gustave Flourens, a friendship that later had important consequences for him. When things had quieted down in Crete Cipriani took himself off to London, and thence, early in 1870, he accompanied Mazzini to Italy, to share in the abortive rising of March, which led to the arrest of Mazzini and many of his followers. Our hero managed, however, again to slip through the fingers of the police, and escaped to France just in time to get mixed up in the Blois plot to assassinate the emperor. He was arrested by the French police, but, his usual luck befriending him, was released for want of evidence, and was merely sent, under police escort, over the Swiss frontier. But fighting of every kind had an irresistible attraction for this stormy petrel of politics. As soon as the republic was proclaimed he hastened to Paris, joined his friend Flourens, and was soon by his side busy at his favorite pastimes of revolution and conspiracy. He was arrested, liberated, took part in the riot of the 31st of October, and the capture of General Trochu and Jules Favre, was within a few days again arrested and again released, enlisted in the republican

army, and fought his way up at the age of thirty-two to the rank of colonel of the 19th Regiment of the line. Now at last an honorable career seemed to lie open before him, but his revolutionary instincts were not to be denied. The Paris Commune was proclaimed in March; the civil war broke out. Cipriani was then at Lyons. His old associate Flourens summoned him to Paris, and offered him a commission as colonel on the staff. On the 3rd of April he was engaged in a sharp skirmish with a squadron of Loyalist cavalry; was dismounted, disarmed, and taken prisoner to Versailles. Cipriani's adventurous career promised at last to be cut short. He was tried by court-martial and condemned with four other prisoners to be shot. The five men mount the fatal tumbril, are driven to Sartori, and are called out in turn to stand before the firing party. Four have already been shot, and Cipriani's turn has come, when an express from the republican government rides up waving a white handkerchief. He is the bearer of an order to stay all further executions of the men sentenced to death on the 3rd and 4th of April. Cipriani, thus snatched out of the very jaws of death, is driven back to prison on the execution cart.

After this adventure he lay in prison for nine months, and was then shipped off to New Caledonia, where he remained till the 1880 amnesty set him free to return to France; but he had hardly set foot in Paris when he took part in a scuffle with the police who were dispersing one of Louise Michel's meetings, was arrested, imprisoned for a month, and then expelled from the territory of his adopted country.

Switzerland had by this time become the favorite trysting-ground of Nihilists and Socialists, and in Switzerland Cipriani settled down for a time to watch events and await the next opportunity for getting into mischief. Nor had he to wait long. At the close of 1880 the more turbulent Italian Socialists and republicans published their intention of holding a monster meeting in Rome, and summoned delegates from all parts of Italy. Though the government eventually proclaimed the meeting, there seemed to be a fair chance of a few heads being broken on the Capitol, and Cipriani determined to be present. On his way he stopped at Rimini, and there he was recognized, and arrested on the old charge of desertion that had been hanging over him for twenty years, and as a conspirator against the internal peace of the kingdom. It did not seem likely that

either of the charges would be pressed against him with harsh insistence, but Cipriani's old good fortune had now deserted him. Justice, though with halting foot, had been on his track, and his old crime of Egyptian days found him out at last by a chance almost as strange as that which had led to his escape on the plain of Sartori.

It was early in 1881. In Ancona Cipriani's trial was dragging out its slow length. At the Italian club in Alexandria a party of members, among whom was Signor Macchiavelli, the Italian consul, were lounging in the smoking-room, when one of them, who was reading a newspaper, exclaimed,—

"Well, here's a pretty go! They've arrested Hamilcas Cipriani at Rimini."

"What!" said another; "not the man who was clerk at Dervieux? He's never had the face to go back to Italy after all he's done!"

"Why, what was it he did?" asked a new-comer.

"Did you ask? Why, merely killed three men like so many flies," answered the first speaker; and then he went on to tell the story of the murder.

The consul listened sceptically. "That's impossible," was his comment. "He would have been condemned, or at any rate brought to trial, and there would be traces of the crime in the consulate." The consul was fresh to Egypt and Egyptian ways.

"Oh! that's all you know about it," rejoined the other. "Dead men here lie quiet in their coffin, and no one rakes up unpleasant stories against the survivor."

Unfortunately for Cipriani the consul was a new broom, and winced under the slur cast on his office. Going home, he searched high and low in the records, but found nothing. However, he determined that something must be done, and the next day telegraphed to his superior in Rome. "I hear that a certain Hamilcas Cipriani has been arrested at Rimini. Here the report runs that he is the man who some years ago committed a triple murder in Alexandria." In reply came an official snub for his overzeal, and an expression of surprise that he should have thought it worth while to telegraph home mere bazaar scandal.

Signor Macchiavelli, now more piqued than ever, ransacked every pigeon-hole of the office to find some papers that would justify him, and at last discovered a dust-covered envelope with a double endorsement: "*Trial of Cipriani for the murder*

of Santini;" and, at a later date: "*The trial was broken off because Cipriani died in France.*" Here was, at all events, sufficient evidence to excuse his interference. On examining the papers, however, it turned out that there had not really been any trial. The documents were merely copies of the depositions made by the witnesses of the scuffle that had led to Santini's death. Such as they were the consul sent them off to Rome, and on the evidence thus provided a prosecution for murder was successfully carried through, and a verdict of guilty brought in. But in stay of proceedings Cipriani's counsel raised a point of law. In Italy, under the present criminal code, there is prescription for all offences varying in time according to the gravity of the crime. For capital offences the prescription is ten years. For instance, a man has committed murder. If he can for ten years escape being brought to trial he has secured immunity, and however clear and cogent evidence may subsequently be forthcoming against him, however notorious his guilt, he cannot be punished, cannot even be indicted. More than this; though he had been tried, found guilty, and had sentence recorded against him, if he can escape and keep in hiding for twenty years, the offence is condoned by lapse of time, and though the justice of the sentence be indisputable he has secured an amnesty.

Now it was urged on behalf of Cipriani, that as more than ten years had elapsed since the murder, if murder it was, and he had never been brought to trial, sentence could not now be passed against him. The crown lawyers, however, made a twofold answer: 1. That the inquiry instituted in Egypt was tantamount to a trial, and that, therefore, the lapse of twenty years was required to complete prescription; 2. That the recently published criminal code had not a retrospective action; that the murder had been committed under the old code, under which prescription was established only after the lapse of twenty and thirty years according to the circumstances. The court accepted this view, and Cipriani was condemned to twenty years penal servitude.

If the subject were not so serious there would be something exquisitely funny in this anxiety on the part of legislators to give criminals the fullest latitude of fair play, but this indulgence in sentimental humanitarianism is out of place in Italy, where the yearly average of murders reaches the terrible proportion of one for

every twelve thousand of the population, and it is time that effectual sympathy should be diverted from the criminals to their victims. It is simply astounding to hear lawyers and men of sense, with the full knowledge that the percentage of murders to population in Italy stands manyfold higher than in any other civilized country, argue that if a man has been living in voluntary exile for ten or twenty years he may be held to have expiated his crime, and that though the punishment of that crime would, theoretically, have been death. By committing the further offence of breaking prison the convict is able to pass himself through a sort of criminal insolvency court, and returns to his country after an interval legally whitewashed.

It is curious to contrast this indulgent procedure and the insuperable reluctance to inflict capital punishment, which has practically abolished executions, and the indulgence shown to convicts, even to those convicted of the worst offences, with the harsh treatment of prisoners awaiting their trial. Hundreds, if not thousands, of these lie one, two, or even three years in prison, under rules of discipline differing but little from those of convicted criminals. The subject is full of interest as a problem in national psychology; but, involving, as it does, the whole sphere of criminal procedure in Italy, is too large to be dealt with at the fag end of an article.

To return to Cipriani. After his condemnation and removal to the prison of Portolongone, came what is perhaps the most curious part of all this curious story.

Cipriani had been tried and found guilty of murder. No attempt had been made to disprove the charge, and the jury obviously thought his case a bad one, as they had not found, as is usual in murder trials in Italy, when there is any loophole for doing so, that the prisoner had acted under irresistible provocation. It was only by a legal quibble that his lawyers had tried to get him off from the punishment which he so richly deserved. Yet no sooner was he convicted than this vulgar murderer began to be, in a small way, a popular hero. His health was drunk at public meetings, resolutions denouncing his condemnation were passed, and petitions were largely signed for his release. Soon his friends got bolder. His name was used as a rallying-point for the more extreme wing of the Radical opposition, and attempts were even made to secure his return to the Chamber of Deputies, though without success till the general elections of last May. Then, taking ad-

vantage of the coquetting that went on between the leaders of the constitutional opposition and the Socialistic republican element, of the reaction against the Depretis administration, and of the angry, sullen discontent produced by the hard times, his supporters managed to secure his election by considerable majorities in the two important constituencies of Forlì and Ravenna. As a matter of course, the election was annulled as soon as the House met, but, none the less, the episode was one that gave serious cause for thought to those who see that in Italy, as elsewhere, Parliamentary government is on its trial.

E. STRACHAN MORGAN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SUNDERLAND AND SACHARISSA.

THERE is always a pathetic attraction in the lives of men who have been forced by the stress of circumstances into situations foreign to their nature. The scholar torn from his favorite studies to plunge into the whirl of court intrigues, the painter compelled to lay down the brush and draw the sword in his country's defence, the philosophic prince leaving his meditations to wage war upon barbarian hordes — these all appeal to our sympathy and awaken our interest in a peculiar manner. And when these victims to honor and duty bear themselves well at the inaccustomed post, when we see them reveal sparks of heroic temper and fight bravely or die nobly, the pathos deepens, and the light of immortality rests upon their brows.

Such in an eminent degree was the philosopher who sleeps in an unknown grave under the limes of Great Tew; such, again, was another victim of the civil wars, who fell on the same fatal field as Falkland, — Henry Spencer, Lord Sunderland. Dying at the early age of three-and-twenty, this ancestor of our two great houses of Spencers and Churchills deserves to be remembered among those whose worth is not to be measured by the number of their years. He lived long enough to make himself known and valued by a large circle of friends, and his death was lamented by men of all parties. Even Clarendon, in his grief for the friend who was dear to him as his own soul, pauses to record the loss sustained by the king's cause in the death of this young man "of tender years and an early judg-

ment." In many ways Sunderland's career bears a close resemblance to that of the elder and more illustrious nobleman who fell at Newbury. Like Falkland, the young lord at first took the popular side; but when the breach widened and war became imminent, a chivalrous sense of honor made him devote his life to the king's service. Like Falkland, he was one of the few who labored in vain for peace, and tried with all their might to effect a reconciliation between the court and the Parliament. Like him, he grew weary of life in the hopeless task; and like him, too, an early death soon set him free from the turmoil and the strife that vexed his generous soul.

Fortunately the preservation of certain letters which he wrote to his wife during the first year of the war admit us to a closer acquaintance with this admirable young man; and although few in number, and written in a cipher not always legible, they are sufficient to inspire us with the deepest interest in the writer and in her to whom they were addressed. For that wife was Dorothy Sidney, the eldest daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, whose beauty and virtues Waller celebrated, and whose fair features Vandyke's art has made familiar to us. At Petworth, at Althorp, at Penshurst, we see her painted at different periods of her life, and always, in Horace Walpole's words, "charmingly handsome."

The family of Spencer, to which Sunderland belonged, were wealthy sheep-owners, who from the time of Henry the Eighth owned immense flocks and vast estates, both in Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. In 1603 Sunderland's grandfather, Sir Robert Spencer, gave Queen Anne of Denmark and her son Prince Charles a splendid reception at his house at Althorp, on which occasion a masque of fairies, written by Ben Jonson, was performed in the park. A few months later Sir Robert was raised to the peerage as Baron Spencer, and on his death, in 1627, was succeeded by his son William, who some years before had married Penelope Wriothsley, the daughter of Henry, Lord Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare and friend of Essex. This second Lord Spencer died in 1636, leaving his widow and thirteen children inconsolable for the loss of the best of husbands and fathers. These were the words inscribed by Penelope on the splendid monument which, at her bidding, Nicholas Stone raised to her lord's memory in Brington church.

Henry, Lord Spencer, the eldest son of this noble pair, inherited the cultured tastes of his mother's family, together with the regular features which we notice in her sepulchral effigy, and in the fine full-length portrait of her still to be seen in that gallery at Althorp which Horace Walpole called "a collection of all one's acquaintance by Vandyke and Lely."

Born in 1620, he was educated under his parents' eyes by a careful tutor, and afterwards at Magdalen College, where he received his degree of master of arts at the same time as Prince Rupert, on the visit of Charles the First to Oxford. After his father's death, in the same year, he spent most of his time at Althorp, where he devoted himself to the task of improving his estates and studying the welfare of his tenants, under the guidance of his uncle and guardian, Thomas, Lord Southampton, one of the truest and most faithful of all Charles's servants. Wise and thoughtful beyond his years, he kept aloof from the licentious habits which were held to be indispensable companions of wit and good-fellowship in the gilded youth of his day, and both his own conduct and that of his household were ordered on the strictest pattern.

Such was the young Lord Spencer who, before he had yet completed his nineteenth year, became the accepted suitor of the Lady Dorothy Sidney, who had as yet found no one to her taste among all the many admirers whom her charms had attracted.

Her father Robert, second Earl of Leicester, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day, and, as Clarendon owns, a man of the highest honor and fidelity, if he was not always held in great esteem at court, had been sent as ambassador to France in 1636, to negotiate a treaty for the recovery of the Palatinate. During his absence his wife, Dorothy Percy, "in whose vigilancy and discerning spirit," wrote Sir John Temple, "your lordship is so incomparably happy," lived at Penshurst with her large family, administering her husband's estate, and keeping a watchful eye over his interests and those of her children. Through her brother, Lord Northumberland, and her intriguing sister Lucy, Lady Carlisle, with whom, however, she had little in common, and of whom she certainly had not at all a good opinion, Lady Leicester was informed of all that was passing at court, and kept her husband well supplied with news. Nothing can be more natural than the letters in which she retails every scrap of political

gossip that she can glean, and mingles it with family affairs and expressions of anxiety for the success of his labors, and regret at his prolonged absence. Sometimes she cannot repress a sigh at her solitude and straitened means, when she hears of her friends' gay doings at Whitehall. "But I will content myself as best I can," she quickly adds, "with this lonely life, without envying their greatness, their plenty, or their jollity." Only in her lord's absence, even fair Penshurst, "and a sweeter place was never seen," cannot please her. "Neither can any other place give me a perfect contentment in your absence, so dearlie is your companie beloved by your D. LEYCESTER."

Many are the allusions to their children, to the seven girls and Robin who were at home, and to Philip and Algernon, the two elder sons, who had gone to Paris with their father. Naturally, Dorothy, the eldest of the thirteen, was above all the object of her parents' affectionate solicitude, and from the day that her grandfather, the old lord, speaks of her as a two-year-old child at the time of her brother Algernon's birth in 1621, "Doll" is constantly mentioned in the family correspondence. We find her growing up good and beautiful, but timid and retiring in disposition, taking pleasure in the companionship of a few girl friends, and inheriting all the studious tastes of her father and of his uncle and aunt, the author of the "Arcadia," and the Countess of Pembroke. "Learned and fair and good as she," young Lady Dorothy found admirers at an early age, and had, like Sidney's sister, a poet to celebrate her charms in song. For while she was yet a child, her grace and loveliness captivated Edmund Waller, then a young and wealthy widower, in high favor at court, and the intimate friend of the scholars and fashionable ladies of the day. He was in an especial manner the poet of the Sidneys, and had already more than once addressed Lady Carlisle in strains of poetic flattery. But Dorothy, if we are to believe his verse, was the object of a more real and enduring devotion, and countless are the poems in which he sang of her beauty and of the cruel scorn with which she rejected his addresses:—

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain;
Like Phœbus sang the no less amorous boy,
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

It is to these poems inspired by Sacharissa that Waller owes whatever share of immortality he has obtained. For her sake

the shades of Penshurst became musical with song; the oak which bears Sir Philip Sidney's name, the lofty beeches of the avenue where she took her daily walk, were all invoked in turn as witnesses of his love and of his despair. He addressed an epistle to her father imploring his return that he might decide on the choice of his bright nymph; and tried to approach her, now through verses inscribed to her friends, now to her maid, Mrs. Braughton. But of all his poems to Sacharissa, none are so beautiful and none so exactly describe Dorothy's charming and modest nature as the exquisite song to the rose.

Go lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth;
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

How far this passion was of a merely poetic order is hard to tell. It is not likely that Waller suffered deeply from Lady Dorothy's rejection of his suit, although he does not seem to have thought of another marriage until she had become the wife of Lord Sunderland. Lady Leicester, it is said by Aubrey, would have been well content to give him another of her daughters, but had more ambitious designs for Dorothy, whose own dislike to Waller seems to have been invincible. Perhaps she had clear enough eyes to read the poet's true character; and no one who knows how unworthy was his subsequent career will blame her that she did not, as Johnson says, "think every excellence comprised in wit."

In the mean while Waller's verses and the occasional visits of Lady Leicester's illustrious relatives to Penshurst had spread abroad the fame of Dorothy's charms; and when she was seventeen we find one of her uncles, Henry Percy, begging his sister to tell my lady Dorothy,

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"with his humble service, that she must go into France, so what her beauty and her father's wisdom will do, the Lord knows." Already the gossips of the court had been finding a husband for the young beauty, and towards the close of 1636, Lord Russell, the heir of the house of Bedford, was talked of as a suitable match for her. But this notion had to be abandoned, since the young lord soon fell in love with Ann Carr, the daughter of the notorious Countess of Essex. Perhaps it is to this rumor that Lady Leicester alludes when she writes that Christmas to her husband: "It would joy me much to receive some hope of that lord's addresses to Doll which you write of to me; for next to what concerns you, I confess she is considered by me above anything of this world." Or the young man in question may have been Lord Devonshire, lately returned from his travels and now suggested as a match for Lady Dorothy by one of Lady Carlisle's confidants, the Earl of Holland. This very eligible suitor was likely to be the more acceptable since his only sister, Ann Cavendish, the wife of Holland's nephew, Lord Rich, was Dorothy's most intimate friend, as we learn from the verses addressed to Sacharissa by Waller on the sudden death of her lovely and beloved companion. Unfortunately, although both Lord Devonshire's mother and sister were full of affection for Dorothy, the young man himself was apparently less eager, and a few years later married Elizabeth Cecil, Lord Salisbury's daughter, whose portrait by Vandyke, along with those of Lady Rich, Lady Ann Carr, and Dorothy herself, hang side by side in the beauties' room at Petworth. Lady Leicester, who was anxious for the marriage, felt her disappointment keenly and complained bitterly of Lord Holland's duplicity, concluding that either "his ladie [her sister, Lady Carlisle] commands him to hinder Doll, or else he is so weak and so unfaithful as his friendship is not worthy the least rush."

A fortnight later we find a new lover coming forward. This was Lord Lovelace, whom with this intention Lord Danby presented to Lord Northumberland at St. George's feast at Windsor, in April, 1637, and who was introduced to Dorothy and her mother at Leicester House, where they came to pay their respects at court in the May of that year. The new suitor had considerable advantages to recommend him; he had a pretty person, was very wealthy, and just out of his mother's wardship, and the marriage was strongly

approved of by all the Percies. But there were serious drawbacks in the eyes of Lady Leicester, who, with all her impatience to see her daughter settled, was a good and affectionate mother. He had kept, she heard, "extreme ill companie, and was given to drinking," a foul fault, which would have prevented her thinking of him at all had she not hoped that good example and advice would cure him of this bad habit. For a while, accordingly, the young man was admitted to Lady Dorothy's society, and the marriage was confidently expected. But soon it became evident that Dorothy herself was altogether averse to the idea. "From the first," her uncle, Henry Percy, complained to Lord Leicester, "she abhorred him;" either because her mind had been poisoned beforehand, or else her natural goodness made her shrink from him as she had shrunk before from Waller. Her mother before long came to the conclusion that the young lord was so uncertain and idle, so fond of low company, and so easily drawn to debauchery, that she "dared not venture to give Doll to him." It was in vain that Henry Percy himself went down to Penshurst that summer in hopes of renewing the marriage; both his sister and niece, he declared to Lord Leicester, were utterly unreasonable, and there was no means of pleasing them, since, "if the ill be taken upon trust, and the good be strictly examined, she or her friends will with difficulty be satisfied with anybody."

Poor Lady Leicester's temper was sorely tried with these repeated failures, and she wrote to inform her husband of Lord Lovelace's wildness and Lord Devonshire's hesitation in a melancholy strain, concluding with the words: "My dear heart, let not these cross accidents trouble you, for we do not know what God has provided for her." Her anxieties were increased by the intrigues of her husband's enemies at court, and the difficulties in which he constantly found himself owing to the irregularity with which his salary was paid and the scarcity of public money. But in the spring of 1639 the tide suddenly turned. Lord Leicester was summoned home, and received with marks of the highest approval at court. He was made a privy councillor and commanded to attend the king on his progress to York. And almost at the same moment a new suitor presented himself for Lady Dorothy's hand, a young man whose high rank, great wealth, and stainless character made him an altogether desirable match.

This was the young Lord Spencer, who,

as the grandson of the Lord Southampton who had been so intimately connected with Lady Leicester's own uncle Essex, and with all the Sidneys, was the more welcome son-in-law. In June Sir John Temple, writing from the north, congratulates Lord Leicester on my Lady Dorothy's most happy match, and on the twentieth of July the marriage took place at Penshurst, where Lord Leicester's respected friend, Dr. Hammond, was then rector. Great were the rejoicings in connection with this auspicious event, and the poet Waller distinguished himself by writing his famous letter to the bride's youthful sister, Lady Lucy Sidney, surely the wittiest effusion ever penned by rejected lover.

MADAM,—In this common joy at Penshurst, I know none to whom complaints may come less unreasonable than to your ladyship, the loss of a bed-fellow being almost equal to that of a mistress, and, therefore, you ought at least to pardon, if you consent not to, the imprecations of the deserted, which just heaven no doubt will hear! May my Lady Dorothy (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much and have the like passion for this young lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her! And may this love, before the years go about, make her taste the first curse imposed on womankind—the pains of becoming a mother! May her firstborn be none of her own sex, nor so like her, but that he may resemble her lord as much as herself! May she that always affected silence and retiredness have the house filled with the noise and number of her children, and hereafter of her grandchildren! and then may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair ladies—old age! May she live to be very old and yet seem young, be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, that being there divorced we may all have an equal interest in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their posterity to the world's end and afterwards! To you, madam, I wish all good things, and that this loss may in good time be happily supplied with a more constant bed-fellow of the other sex. Madam, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble from your ladyship's most humble servant,

EDMUND WALLER.

Lord Leicester was present at the marriage of his "dear Doll," but returned to Paris immediately afterwards, and was followed at Michaelmas by his wife with her two unmarried daughters, Lucy and Anne, and "my new son-in-law and my daughter," as Lord Leicester records in

his journal. During the next two years they all lived happily together in Paris, and there Lady Spencer's first child, a daughter, named Dorothy after her, and Lady Leicester's youngest boy, Henry Sidney, afterwards Lord Romney, were both born.

The storm which Leicester and the more far-sighted of Charles's courtiers had long dreaded was now about to burst, and in September, 1640, the ambassador received what he calls in his journal the worst news he had ever heard in his life—the advance of the Scots. Upon Strafford's fall Leicester received a promise of the post of lord deputy of Ireland, an office which his friends had long coveted for him, and in the following October, 1641, he left Paris and returned with his family to London. A few days afterwards Lord Spencer, now of age, made his first appearance in the House of Lords and spoke on the popular side with a moderation and wisdom which commanded general attention. His wife's uncle, Lord Northumberland, who had already taken a prominent part in resisting the king's unwise counsellors, showed him marked kindness; and in the following spring the young nobleman was appointed lord lieutenant of Northamptonshire by the Parliament, who hoped thus to secure his services. But as the language of the popular leaders grew more violent Lord Spencer hesitated. In common with his own relative Southampton, and a few others, he did his utmost to heal the daily widening breach, and called upon the lords with great vigor and eloquence to come to terms with the king. He was often heard to say that in his opinion seven years would show that the king was the true commonwealth-man; and in the last speech which he made within the walls of the House he concluded by saying, "We had been satisfied long ere this if some men had not shuffled demands into our propositions on purpose that we may have no satisfaction." He, for one, declared that no power on earth would ever induce him to draw the sword against the king, and moved by that spirit of chivalrous loyalty which governed many who had been the boldest in urging reforms Lord Spencer joined the king at York, and was present at the raising of the standard on the 22nd of August, 1642. The die was cast, and henceforth he was pledged to the king's cause for good or ill; but we learn from his letters how much it cost him to plunge into a struggle which he held to be the worst misfortune which could befall his country. Of him, as of Falkland, it might have been said with

truth, "His condition of life before the war was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement." He was young and handsome, with great connections and vast wealth, and had just entered on the enjoyment of his large estates. He had a wife after his own heart, a lady not only celebrated for her beauty and virtues, but whose tastes were in complete harmony with his own, whose soul was bound up with his in a rare and perfect union. "I know," said Lord Leicester, in that touching letter written to his daughter when the tale of her short married life was forever ended, "I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it." Already, as Waller had foretold, the bliss of their wedded life had been increased by the birth of two children, the daughter, whom her father often mentions in his letters by the pet name of Popet, and a son called Robert after Lord Leicester.

And now he had to leave all this — the quiet country home, the wife and child he loved so well — and mingle among men whose society was for the most part utterly distasteful to him, in a cause which, however preferable of the two it might seem to him, was still in his eyes but a choice of evils. "Publicans and sinners on the one hand," his friend Chillingworth said, "on the other scribes and Pharisees." From the first this dislike for his new surroundings is evident. "The discontent that I and many other honest men receive daily is beyond expression," he writes to his wife from Shrewsbury, a month after the raising of the standard. "How much I am unsatisfied with the proceedings here I have at large expressed in several letters; neither is there wanting daily occasion to retire, were it not for gaining honor; for let occasion be never so handsome, unless a man fight on the Parliament side, than which for my part I had rather be hanged, it will be said a man is afraid to fight." The hope of peace becomes in his opinion every day more dim and distant. "People are much divided. The king is of late much averse to peace, by the persuasions of 202 and 211 [probably Rupert and Lord Digby]. Nevertheless the honest men will take all occasions to procure an accommodation, which the king when he sent the late messages [the mission of Southampton and Falkland to Parliament] did heartily desire, and would still make offers but for 202 and 211, and the expectation of the queen and fear of the Papists." His fears proved true, as he says in his second letter, written on the march to Birmingham on the four-

teenth of October. The king's cause, he believes, is in a prosperous condition, and he has little doubt but they will reach London; yet he sees that if this is the case the war party will have it all their own way. Then "they will be insupportable to all, but most to us who have opposed them, so that if the king prevails by force I must not live at home, which is grievous to me but more to you." Here follow some undeciphered sentences, ending with the words, "I apprehend I shall not be suffered to live in England." He goes on to say that his uncle, Southampton, has "lain in the bed-chamber," and doubtless made the best use of this opportunity to urge moderate measures, while he himself had above an hour's discourse with the king about the treaty, which he knows his wife will be glad to hear, but which he cannot fully retail in cipher and dares not send without. And then he continues: —

Pray let my Lady Leicester know that to write news with or without a cypher is inconvenient; ill compliments I dare not, having heard her so often declaim against good ones, so that out of my respect I forbear writing often to her. I hope 134 [Northumberland] is in no danger, for besides the relation to him by you, I have been so obliged to him that I very often think of him. The Parliament's confidence, which you spake of in your letter, is put on, for really they are in ill condition, and it is impossible but they must know it. I never saw the king look better; he is very cheerful, and by the discourse I thought I had been in the drawing-room. Money comes in beyond expectation. The foot are reasonably well paid; the horse have not been paid, but live upon the country. The king is very good of himself, and would be so still were it not for evil counsellors, for he gives very strict order that as little spoil be made as possible. To-morrow we march to Birmingham, and so on the road to London, from whence, by the grace of God, I will come to Penshurst, when I hope to see you past all your pains. I wrote to you last to desire you to invite all my sisters to you, for I doubt London will be shortly a very ill place.

A week after that letter was written Lord Spencer was present at the first great battle of the civil war on Edge Hill. The night before he received Prince Rupert at his own "faire house" at Wormleighton, a stately structure of which some portions still remain. On the following day he fought gallantly among the king's guards, nicknamed from their splendid appearance the Show Troop, who that day obtained the king's permission to leave his person and charge in the front of the battle.

In the following winter he paid his wife

a short visit at Penshurst, where she gave birth to a daughter, who only lived a few days. The beautiful portrait at Althorp was evidently painted about this time. It was the work of Walker, Cromwell's favorite artist and a friend of the Sidney family, and is the best representation we have of Dorothy's husband. We see him in the suit of armor worn by the Show Troop, with a broad lace collar falling over his steel cuirass, and flowing love-locks. The brow is grave and thoughtful, the blue eyes full of tenderness, and the handsome features touched with a melancholy expression, as if the shadow of the end were already upon him and he heard the voice that was so soon to summon him away.

Early in the following summer we find him with the king at Oxford, and here, in June, 1643, he was created Earl of Sunderland, in recognition of his distinguished services. But nothing could reconcile him to his present position; and writing to his wife from the trenches before Gloucester, during the king's siege of that city, he repeats how much he envies all who can go to their own houses, and how passionately he desires her company and that of his little daughter "Popet," who he hopes will soon be able to join him at Oxford. He reflects sorrowfully, "how infinitely more happy I should esteem myself, notwithstanding your mother's opinion of me, quietly to enjoy your company at Althorp than to be troubled with the noises and engaged in the factions of the court, which I shall ever endeavor to avoid." The inconveniences and delays of the siege, he confesses, are yet preferable to that court life which he disliked so much, and he owns that he is not ill pleased at the variety, more especially that he finds himself in good company and enjoys the society of Lord Falkland and Mr. Chillingworth, as he proceeds to tell his wife:—

MY DEAREST HART,—Just as I was coming out of the trenches on Wednesday I received your letter of the 20th, which gave me so much satisfaction that it put all the inconveniences of this siege out of my thoughts. At that instant, if I had followed my own inclinations, I had returned an answer to yours, writing to you and hearing from you, being the most pleasant entertainment that I am capable of in any place, but especially here, where, but when I am in the trenches (which place is seldom without my company) I am more solitary than ever I was in my life, this country being very full of little private cottages, in one of which I am quartered, where my Lord Falkland did me the honor last night to sup. Mr. Chillingworth is now here with me in Sir Nicholas Selwyn's place, who has been this week at Oxford; our little engineer comes not

hither so much out of kindness to me as for his own convenience, my quarter being three or four miles nearer the leaguer than my Lord Devonshire's, with whom he staid till he was commanded to make ready his engines with all possible speed. It is not to be imagined with what diligence and satisfaction (I mean to himself) he executes his command: for my part I think it not unwisely done of him to change his profession, and I think you would have been of my mind if you had heard him dispute last night with my Lord Falkland in favor of Socinianism, wherein he was by his lordship so often confounded that really it appears he has much more reason for his engines than for his opinions.

August 25th, before Gloucester.

A week later Charles was forced to abandon the siege on the approach of Essex's army, and Sunderland's next letter is written on the 16th of September from Oxford. He had gone there for a few days, as there seemed no probability of an immediate battle, and had joined Lord Leicester, who had been summoned thither from Chester as he was on the point of embarking for Ireland, and had taken up his quarters at Queen's College.

As soon as I came I went to your father's, where I found Alibone [the servant who brought Lady Sunderland's letters]—with whose face I was better pleased than with any of the ladies here. The expression is so much a bolder thing than charging Lord Essex, that should this letter miscarry and come to the knowledge of our dames, I should, by having my eyes scratcht out, be cleared from coming away from the army from fear, where if I had stayed it's odds if I had lost more than one. Last night the king sent the queen word he would come hither upon Monday or Tuesday, upon one of which days, if he alter his resolution, I shall not fail to return to the army, and I am afraid our setting down before Gloucester has hindered us from making an end of the war this year, which nothing could keep us from doing if we had a month's more time which we lost there, for we never were in a more prosperous condition; and yet the divisions do not at all diminish, by which we receive prejudice. . . . Since I came here I have seen no creature but your father and my uncle, so that I am altogether ignorant of the intrigues of the place. Before I go hence I shall have a letter for you. I take the best care I can about my economical affairs: I am afraid I shall not be able to get you a better house, everybody thinking me mad for speaking about it. Pray bless Popet for me, and tell her I would have writ to her but that upon mature deliberation I found it uncivil to return an answer to a lady in another character than her own, which I am not yet learned enough to do. I beseech you present his servants to my ladie, who is most passionatellie and perfectlie yours

SUNDERLAND.

My humble services to Lady Lucy, and the other little ladies.

It was the last letter he ever wrote. A few days more and that loyal and constant heart had ceased to beat, and the wife who had been continually present to his mind was left widowed and desolate.

The news reached Oxford that a battle was imminent, and Sunderland hurried back to join the king just in time to take part in the fight at Newbury. That night the two armies lay in the fields under a bright starlight sky, "impatient," writes an officer in the Puritan camp, "of sloth and darkness, wishing for the morning light to exercise their valor, incapable of sleep, their enemy being so nigh." Falkland's heart we know was heavy with the weary longing for peace which was soon to be stilled forever, and Sunderland's thoughts were turning to the green shades of his home and the pleasant memory of his wife. At break of day the king's horse appeared marshalled in battle array on the brow of the hill, and presently dashed in magnificent confusion on the pikes of the London train-bands, "men till then held in too cheap an estimation, but who now presented an invincible rampart to the cavalier charge." "Officers and commanders," says the same eyewitness, "did many of them leave off their doublets, and with daring resolution did bring on their men, as if they came rather to triumph than to fight." Three times they rode to the charge, and each time were met by the same serried barrier of pikes, standing fast and immovable, "like a grove of pines in a day of wind and tempest." Three times the horsemen wheeled round, and charged again. Three times they went reeling back among a cloud of bullets, which made fearful havoc both of man and horse.

In the brilliant company which that day charged with "a kind of contempt" upon the enemy, rode Lord Sunderland, conspicuous among so many brave men by his heroic bearing. Again and again he returned to the attack, and was in the act of gathering up his reins to charge once more when he fell mortally wounded by a bullet from the Puritan muskets. Calmly and nobly he met his end, and those about him wondered to see him die with so few regrets. In the confusion which followed, his body fell into the hands of the enemy and was rifled by them, but Lord Leicester succeeded in recovering it afterwards, and redeemed his watch from the Parliamentary soldiers. His heart was taken to Althorp, and buried with his forefathers in the mortuary chapel of the Spencers at Brington. Far and wide men lamented his early death, for he had almost as many

friends on the Parliamentary side as on that of the king, and a speaker at Westminster observed that "except in the occasion of his death he had always been a good patriot."

The beautiful letter which Dorothy's father addressed to her a fortnight afterwards bears witness to the devoted love which she bore her dead lord, and to the overwhelming bitterness of her grief. In the most touching language Lord Leicester entreats his dear Doll to moderate her sorrow, and implores her by the very power of that "affection for him whom she loved so dearly" to lift her thoughts to that blessed state of happiness "far beyond any that he did or could enjoy on earth, such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer any diminution."

Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers and how sorry for anything that troubled you. Imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe that he looks upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself who was so dear to him.

And then he goes on to remind her that she owes it to her husband's memory to take care of herself and her children.

For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they have all need of you, and one especially whose life as yet doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means of procuring it for you. That now is past and I will not flatter you so much as to think you can ever be so happy in this life again; but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. . . . I doubt not but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to Him that He will be pleased to give His grace to you, to your mother, and myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to His pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature, and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you, it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly. LEYCESTER.

A few days after this letter was written Lady Sunderland gave birth to a son, who received his father's name, but died while he was still a child. She herself lived,

and after the first violence of the shock had passed, faced her desolate lot bravely. The sweet idyll of her young married life was ended; she had seen its joy and beauty fade with the rose, and share too soon "the common fate of all things rare."

But that strong power of love which had brought her so much of joy and pain was her best stay now. She lived for her children and her father's sake, and to lighten the burden of others by her goodness and her sympathy. In later years she ministered with pitying tenderness to the orphaned and captive Princess Elisabeth during the year she lived at Penshurst; and made her house at Althorp a home for evicted clergy and sufferers in the king's cause. Afterwards, probably to please her parents, she consented to take a second husband, and became the wife of Sir Robert Smyth, of Bounds in Kent, who was connected with the Sidneys, and whose family portrait we see with her own in the gallery at Althorp.

On the ninth of July, 1652, Mr. Evelyn, who was staying at Tunbridge Wells for his wife's health, went over to Penshurst and "found a great company assembled to celebrate the marriage of my Lady Sunderland with my own fellow-collegian Robert Smyth."

This husband too Dorothy survived, and had by her second marriage an only son, afterwards governor of Dover Castle. Of her other children Robert, Lord Sunderland, became notorious as the prime minister who served three kings in turn, and who had no ambition but to be "safe, rich, and great;" while Dorothy, the Popet of her father's letters, married Lord Halifax, another leading statesman of the day, but one of a far higher type than Sunderland. Waller's revenge was satisfied, and Lady Sunderland lived to be old and to see grandchildren growing up around her. But we learn, from her letters of this period, that to the last her spirit was as bright and kindly, her heart as true and tender as of old. Troubles enough she had; her son's unscrupulous conduct cost her many a sigh; the old home at Penshurst was sadly changed, her sisters for the most part dead, her brothers estranged and divided by family quarrels. In December, 1683, she saw the best of them, Algernon Sidney, die on the scaffold, condemned to a traitor's doom by the son of the king in whose cause her husband had laid down his life. Her tender heart felt the shock keenly, and she did not long survive him but died herself early in the following year. Then, as she lay dying, her thoughts turned to the far-off days of

her youth, and she asked to be buried, not in London where she died, not at Penshurst with her father and mother, or with the Smyths in Kent, but in the chapel at Brington, where Sunderland slept with his fathers.

There, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1684, her ashes were laid in the quiet Northamptonshire church on the brow of the hill looking over the grassy banks and wooded slopes of Althorp, and the long-parted lovers were at length united. In that chapel the Spencers of past generations sleep, each in his stately tomb. There they rest under marble canopies, knight and baron, lord and lady, clad in splendid armor and ermine-trimmed mantles, with their richly embroidered robes, their jewelled necklets and chains of gold. Their names and titles are recorded in many a long inscription; their armorial bearings are emblazoned on the walls about them; but among all this pomp of heraldry we look in vain for some memorial of the young hero who fell at Newbury, and of his fair Sacharissa. No stone marks their resting-place, no inscription records their names. It is enough to know they sleep there side by side, joined together again by that stern hand which alone had power to part them; enough to feel that we can say of them, they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided.

From The Nineteenth Century.

"LOCKSLEY HALL" AND THE JUBILEE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE nation will observe with warm satisfaction that, although the new "Locksley Hall" is, as told by the calendar, a work of Lord Tennyson's old age, yet is his poetic "eye not dim, nor his natural force abated." The date of "Waverley" was fixed by its alternative title "'Tis Sixty Years Since;" but the illustrious author told of years not all included within his own span of life; and his decease saddened the world of letters and of man soon after his sixth decade was complete. It was in 1842 that the genius of Lord Tennyson blazed in full orb upon the world. But he had long before* worn the livery of the Muse, and braved the ordeal of the press, so that it is hardly an exaggeration to treat of the whole period of threescore years as already included within a literary life. And now that he

* Poems by Two Brothers (Alfred and Charles Tennyson). Simpkin, 1827.

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gives us another "Locksley Hall" "after sixty years," the very last criticism that will be hazarded, or if hazarded will be accepted, on his work will be, that it betrays a want of tone and fibre. For my own part I have been not less impressed with the form, than with the substance. Limbs will grow stiff with age, but minds not always; we find here all undiminished that suppleness of the poet which enables him to conform without loss of freedom to the stringent laws of measured verse. Lord Tennyson retains his conspicuous mastery over the trochaic metre, and even the least favorable among the instantaneous, or "pistol-graph," criticisms demanded by the necessities of the daily press, stingily admits that the poem "here and there exhibits the inimitable touch."

Another article, produced under the same rigorous conditions, but of singular talent,* states rather dogmatically that any criticism which accepts Lord Tennyson as a thinker is now out of date. I venture to demur to this proposition; and to contend that the author of "In Memoriam" (for example) shows a capacity which entitles him to a high place among the thinkers of the day; of thinkers, too, on those subjects, which have the first and highest claim to the august name of philosophy. It does not follow that we are to regard all the productions of Lord Tennyson as equally the fruit of the "thinker" that is in him. A great poet is commonly of a richly diversified nature; and as the strong man of the gospel is ejected by a stronger man, so the strong faculty of the poet may rock or swerve under the encroaching pressure of a faculty which is even, if only for the time, stronger still. The passionate or emotional part of nature comes into rivalry with the reflective organ, and it is our own fault if because in a given work the one predominates, we deny the existence of the other; or again, if we assume that the balance of powers can never shift, and that all faculties are equally represented at all times, was to exalt the individual human mind, subject to all the incidents of life, up to the level of a perfect intelligence.

In the work, however, that is now before the world, Lord Tennyson neither claims the authority, nor charges himself with the responsibility, of one who solemnly delivers, under the weight of years, and with a shortened span before him, a confession of political or social faith. The poem is strictly a dramatic monologue. In its pages we have before us,

though without the formal divisions of the drama, a group of personages, and the strain changes from the color of thought appropriate for one to that which befits another. In the one supreme poem of the first person singular, the "Divina Commedia," we know at first hand the precise relation of sympathy in which the poet stands to each of the persons brought upon the scene. But this is a case by itself. When it is not the intention of the piece that the poet shall himself appear, the greater is his power, the more completely he is shrouded behind the veil his art has woven; and we can but speculate, in Homer or in Shakespeare, on the question which among his creations were the favorites of the maker himself. These two superlative masters are more nearly allied than might be supposed; for Homer, although in form epic, is in essence also a great dramatist, and contains within him seminally the drama of his country. Lord Tennyson gives his reader, in form at least, even less help, since each of us has to discover the transitions for himself. The method in the old "Locksley Hall," and in the new, is the same. In each the maker is outside his work; and in each we have to deal with it as strictly impersonal. Were it otherwise, were we to seek political knowledge at the lips of our author, we should not be in difficulty; for this is he who in his official verses of 1851, addressed to the queen, and in the poem "Love thou thy Land," has supplied us with a code of politics as sound, as comprehensive, and as exactly balanced, as either verse or prose could desire.

The connection of the two "Locksley Halls" lies in the continuous identity of the hero, he supplying the thread on which the subject and its movement hang. The teaching of half a century ago, proceeding immediately from the poet's lips, inculcated above all things impartiality of view. He

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes.*

And the strain of the personage then young, whom the famous poem set before us, was not one-sided. He then saw a mercenary taint upon the age:—

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but
to golden keys.

He had glimpses of a vaunting temper
and of words outrunning deeds:—

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at
each other's heels.

* *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 14, 1886, p. 5.

* From "Love thou thy Land," *Poems*, p. 179.

Yet he shook off depression and taught the doctrine of a tempered progress, in lines which the language itself cannot outlive : —

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns.

And what those suns had already done was first fruit ; the harvest was behind : —

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

And not only was there no fear of onward movement — witness the line which may well make a nervous man giddy as he reads it —

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change ;

but the dauntless eye of the prophet has seen, down the long avenue, all the way — I fear the immeasurable way — to the great result : —

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Such is the voice that rings as well as warbles from the chambers of the old "Locksley Hall." On the whole, if an account be strictly taken, the coloring was something sanguine. A bias in that direction was not unsuited to the speaker's youth, especially if, as England has unflinchingly believed, his lessons of hope were, upon the whole, the lessons of wisdom. The labor of life is cheered by the song of life. The sweat of man's brow, and the burden on his back, produce better practical results, if he can be encouraged to reckon with a reasonable confidence on his reward.

As the junior changes into a senior at the command of the bard of the new "Locksley Hall," he does not forget to look at the reverse as well as the obverse of the medal, or to recommend the persevering performance of daily duty as the best medicine for paralyzing doubts, and the safest shelter under the storms either of practical or of speculative life. So speaks the eulogy* on the successful suitor of the first "Locksley Hall," to whom a gentle reparation is now made, and who served God in his generation : —

Strove for sixty widowed years to help his homelier brother men,
Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and drained the fen.

But the voice of our prophet in this poem, if taken as a whole, has undergone a change. Such a change was in the course of nature.

The clouds, that gather round the setting sun,
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.*

Perhaps the tone may even, at times, be thought to have grown a little hoarse with his years. Not that we are to regard it as the voice of the author. On the earlier occasion he supplied in "Love thou thy Land" whatever correction was required to bring the scales of anticipation back to equilibrium. He has not now given us his own personal forecast of the actual or the coming time ; and in withholding it he allows us a yet greater freedom to estimate the utterances of the prophet in the new "Locksley Hall" by the rules of truth and soberness, but "without respect of persons."

For much indeed that he teaches we ought to feel obliged to him. Each generation or age of men is under a twofold temptation ; the one to overrate its own performances and prospects, the other to undervalue the times preceding or following its own. No greater calamity can happen to a people than to break utterly with its past. But this proposition in its full breadth applies more to its aggregate, than to its immediate past. Our judgment on the age that last preceded us should be strictly just. But it should be masculine, not timorous ; for, if we gild its defects and glorify its errors, we dislocate the axis of the very ground which forms our own point of departure. This rule particularly applies to the period which preceded our own. The first three decades of this century were far from normal. They suffered, both morally and politically, from the terrible recoil of the French Revolution, and of the means employed for counteracting it. That period gave us military glory. It made noble and immortal additions to our literature. In fine art, though there had been a sunset, the sun still illumined the sky. But the items of the account *per contra* are great indeed. One of the lightest among them is, that it brought our industrial arts to the lowest point of degradation. Under the benign influence of protection, there was a desert of universal ugliness. It also charged the inheritance of our countrymen with a public debt equal to more than a fourth, at one time more nearly touching a third, of the aggregate value

* Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After, p. 36.

* Wordsworth, Ode on the Recollections of Childhood.

of all their private property. Would that this had been all! It taxed the nation for the benefit of class. It ground down the people by the Corn Law, and debased them by the Poor Law. In Ireland, Parliament refused through one generation of men to fulfil the promise of Roman Catholic emancipation, without which promise not even the devilish enginery of the other means employed would have sufficed to bring about the legislative union between the two countries. But in 1815 they legislated, with a cruel severity which the Irish Parliament might never have wished, and could never have dared, against the occupiers, that is to say, against the people, of that "sister island." On this side the Channel, the Church was quietly suffered to remain a wilderness of rank abuse. But activity was shown enough and to spare, by the use of legislative and executive power, to curtail the traditional freedom of the people. The law had been made hateful to the nation; and both our institutions and our empire had been brought to the brink of a precipice, when in 1830 the king dared not dine with the lord mayor, and the long winter nights were illuminated by the blaze of Swing fires, in southern counties which have grown into Toryism under the beneficent influence of reformed government and legislation.

On the other hand, the beginning of the period had the solitary glory of ending one long series of continuous crime by the abolition of the slave trade. Nearer its close, there were marked tendencies towards good, and even some noble beginnings of improvement; but these were mainly and conspicuously due to suspected and reviled minorities, and were in many instances resented, as well as resisted, with a bitterness almost savage, and hardly known to our more modern and sufficiently lively contentions.

Such were the backwaters (so to call them) of the French Revolution and of the war against it, and such was the later Georgian era, on which it is necessary to use plainness of speech, because it now takes the benefit of the glorifying hues of distance, as well as of military triumph; and none survive, except a dwindling handful, to speak of it from recollection. But though it was a time which can ill stand comparison with most others of our history, there still remained for us that glorious inheritance of Britons which, though it imperilled and defaced, it did not destroy.

It was manifestly from the point marked by the close of this period that the old

"Locksley Hall" took its measurements, and found in the survey of the years which had succeeded 1830, that their good outweighed their evil. In his admirable verses to the queen, too, Mr. Tennyson — this time in person and not through a *persona* — looked at the Ship of State, and gave her his benediction on her way, as Longfellow's master blessed the ship of the Union: —

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee.

During the intervening half-century, or near it, the temper of hope and thankfulness, which both Mr. Tennyson and the young prophet of "Locksley Hall" so largely contributed to form, has been tested by experience. Authorities and people have been hard at work in dealing with the laws, the policy, and the manners of the country. Their performances may be said to form the play, intervening between the old prologue, and the new epilogue which has just issued from the press. This epilogue, powerful as it is, will not quite harmonize with the evergreens of Christmas. The young prophet, now grown old, is not, indeed (though perhaps, on his own showing, he ought to be), in despair. For he still stoutly teaches manly duty and personal effort, and longs for progress more, he trows, than its professing and blatant votaries. But in his present survey of the age as his field, he seems to find that a sadder color has invested all the scene. The evil has eclipsed the good, and the scale, which before rested solidly on the ground, now kicks the beam. For the framing of our estimate, however, prose, and very prosaic prose, may be called in not less than poetry. The question demands an answer, whether it is needful to open so dark a prospect for the future; whether it is just to pronounce what seems to be a very decided censure on the immediate past. And there is this peculiar feature in the case. In most countries and most periods of the world, governments may bear their own faults, and in proportion the peoples may go scot-free. Not so in this country, and at this time. In the words of the prince-consort, "Our institutions are on their trial," as institutions of self-government; and if condemnation is to be pronounced, on the nation it must mainly fall, and must sweep away with it a large part of such hopes as have been either fanatically or reflectively entertained that, by this provision of self-government, the fu-

ture might effect some moderate improvement upon the past, and mitigate in some perceptible degree the social sorrows and burdens of mankind.

I will now, with a view to a fair trial of this question, try to render, rudely and slightly though it be, some account of the deeds and the movement of this last half-century. I shall reserve until the close what must be put down to its debit. For the present I will only shut out from the review important divisions of the subject with which I am not competent to deal; those of literature, of research, of science, of morals. These great subjects would resent summary treatment even by a competent hand; and my hand is not competent, nor my opinions worth record. What I have to say bears upon them, but mainly in the way of exterior contact. I shall only venture to refer to those portions of the case which can as it were be inventoried; the course and acts of public authority, and the movement, so closely associated with them, of public opinion, and of the most palpable forms of voluntary action.

The prophet of the new "Locksley Hall" records against us many sad, and even shameful, defaults. They are not to be denied; and the list probably might be lengthened. The youngest among us will not see the day in which new social problems will have ceased to spring as from the depths, and vex even the most successful solvers of the old; or in which this proud and great English nation will not have cause, in all its ranks and orders, to bow its head before the Judge Eternal, and humbly to confess to forgotten duties, or wasted and neglected opportunities. It is well to be reminded, and in tones such as make the deaf man hear, of city children who "soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime;" of maidens cast by thousands on the street; of the sempstress scrimped of her daily bread; of dwellings miserably crowded; of fever as the result; even of "incest in the warrens of the poor." On the last-named item, and the group of ideas therewith associated, scarcely suited for discussion here, I am not sure that the warrens of the poor have more to fear from a rigid investigation than other and more spacious habitations. But a word on the rest. Take first the city child as he is described. For one such child now there were ten, perhaps twenty, fifty years back. A very large, and a still increasing proportion of these children have been brought under the regular training and discipline of the school. Take the maidens, who are now, as they were then, cast by thousands on the street.

But then, if one among them were stricken with penitence and sought for a place in which to hide her head, she found it only in the pomp of paid institutions, and in a help well meant, no doubt, yet carrying little of what was most essential, sympathetic discrimination, and mild, nay even tender, care. Within the half-century a new chapter has opened. Faith and love have gone forth into the field. Specimens of womankind, sometimes the very best and highest, have not deemed this quest of souls beneath them. Scrimping of wages, no doubt, there is and was. But the fair wage of to-day is far higher than it was then, and the unfair wage is assumably not lower. Miserable and crowded dwellings, again, and fever as their result, both then and now. But legislation has in the interval made its attempts in earnest; and if this was with awkward and ungainly hand, private munificence or enterprise is dotting our city areas with worthy dwellings. Above all have we not to record in this behalf martyred lives, such as those of Denison and Toynbee? Or shall we refuse honorable mention to not less devoted lives, still happily retained, of such persons as Miss Octavia Hill? With all this there has happily grown up not only a vast general extension of benevolent and missionary means, but a great parochial machinery of domestic visitation, charged with comfort and blessing to the needy, and spread over so wide a circle, that what was formerly an exception may now with some confidence be said to be the rule. If insufficiencies have come to be more keenly felt, is that because they are greater, or because there is a bolder and better-trained disposition to feel them? The evils which our prophet rightly seeks to cauterize with his red-hot iron, were rank among us even in the days when Hogarth, a pioneer of reformation, drew his Beer Street and his Gin Lane. They grew with population and with wealth; but they grew unnoticed, until near the period when the earliest "Locksley Hall" cheered the hearts of those who sought to mend the world. If fifty years ago censure was appeased and hopefulness encouraged, is there any reason now why hope should be put under an extinguisher and censure should hold all the ground?

About twenty years ago, and towards the close of his famous and highly honored life, Lord Russell spoke the much-noted words, "Rest and be thankful." And right well had his rest been earned. But the nation, which we may hope was thankful, yet rested not. As a nation, it has labored

harder than ever before ; harder, perhaps, than any nation ever labored. True, it has a greater number of leisured men, and moreover of idle men, than it had sixty years back. It must be left to them to state what is the final cause of their existence, and what position it is that the Almighty destined them to fill upon this ever-whirling planet. But, even after deducting them as a minus quantity from our sum total, it still remains true not only that the nation labors hard, but that it has discovered, for itself at least, the perpetual motion. For it has built up an empire, and no insignificant part of it since the first "Locksley Hall" was written, of such an exacting though imposing magnitude, and of such burdensome though glorious responsibilities, that it must perforce keep to its activity like Sisyphos with his stone, or Ixion on his wheel. It would be little to say that the practical legislation of the last fifty years has in quantity far exceeded that of the three preceding fifties taken together. The real question is on its quality. Has this great attempt in an old country at popular government, when brought to trial by relative, not abstract standards, failed, or has it not? I remember being told by Kingsley how, when an old friend of his had rushed unadvisedly into verse, he plucked up all his courage for the needful emphasis and told him, "My dear friend, your poems are not good but bad." Will it be too audacious to submit to the prophet of the new "Locksley Hall" that the laws and works of the half-century he reviews are not bad but good?

I will refer as briefly as may be to the sphere of legislation. Slavery has been abolished. A criminal code, which disgraced the statute-book, has been effectually reformed. Laws of combination and contract, which prevented the working population from obtaining the best price for their labor, have been repealed. The lamentable and demoralizing abuses of the Poor Law have been swept away. Lives and limbs, always exposed to destruction through the incidents of labor, formerly took their chance, no man heeding them, even when the origin of the calamity lay in the recklessness or neglect of the employer; they are now guarded by preventive provisions, and the loss is mitigated, to the sufferers or their survivors, by pecuniary compensation. The scandals of labor in mines, factories, and elsewhere, to the honor, first and foremost, of the name of Shaftesbury, have been either removed, or greatly qualified and reduced. The population on the seacoast is no

longer forced wholesale into contraband trade by fiscal follies; and the game laws no longer constitute a plausible apology for poaching. The entire people have good schools placed within the reach of their children, and are put under legal obligation to use the privilege, and contribute to the charge. They have also at their doors the means of husbanding their savings, without the compromise of their independence by the inspection of the rector or the squire, and under the guarantee of the State to the uttermost farthing of the amount. Living in a land where severance in families is almost a matter of course, they are no longer barred from feeding and sustaining domestic affection by prohibitory rates of postage, sternly imposed upon the masses, while the peers and other privileged classes were exempt through franking from the charge. In this establishment of cheap communications, England has led the world.* Information through a free press, formerly cut off from them by stringent taxation, is now at their easy command. The taxes which they pay are paid to the State for the needful purposes of government, and nowhere to the wealthy classes of the community for the purpose of enhancing the prices of the articles produced for their account. Their interests at large are protected by their votes; and their votes are protected by the secrecy which screens them from intimidation either through violence or in its subtler forms. Their admission into Parliament, through the door opened by abolishing the property qualification, has been accomplished on a scale which, whether sufficient or not, has been both sensible, and confessedly beneficial. Upon the whole, among the results of the last half-century to them are, that they work fewer hours; that for these reduced hours they receive increased wages; and that with these increased wages they purchase at diminished rates almost every article, except tobacco and spirits, of which the price can be affected by the acts of the legislature.

It seems to me that some grounds have already been laid for a verdict of acquittal upon the public performances of the half-century. The question now touched upon is that "condition of England question" on which Mr. Carlyle, about midway in his life, thundered in our ears his not unwar-

* Among the humanizing contrivances of the age, I think notice is due to the system founded by Mr. Cook, and now largely in use, under which numbers of persons, and indeed whole classes, have for the first time found easy access to foreign countries, and have acquired some of that familiarity with them, which breeds not contempt but kindness.

rantable but menacing admonitions. Some heed, it would appear, had been given to such pleading. Science and legislation have been partners in a great work. There is no question now about the shares of their respective contributions. It is enough for my purpose that the work has been done, and that the legislature has labored hard in it. Mr. Giffen, in a treatise of great care and ability, has estimated the improvement in the condition of the working population at fifty per cent. Would that it might be possible to add another fifty. But an accomplished fact of this character and magnitude is surely matter for thankfulness, acknowledgment, and hope. The discord between the people and the law is now at an end, and our institutions are again "broad-based" upon national conviction and affection.

I turn to another great category of contention. It is in the nature of religious disabilities to die hard. Stirred at a sore point into spasmodic action in the Parliament of 1880, they are now practically dead. The signs of inequality obtruded upon Nonconformists by the Church rate, and by the unequal laws of marriage, and of registration upon births and burials, have been put away. In just satisfaction to a civil right, free access has been given to the churchyards of the country; and the sinister predictions which obstructed the change have proved to be at least as shadowy as the beings commonly supposed to haunt those precincts. The old universities have opened wide their august portals to the entire community; and they have more than doubled the numbers of their students. If the oath is not now universally revered, at least a great provocation to irreverence in the needless and perfunctory use of it has been carefully removed.

It would be endless to recite all the cases in which relief has been afforded, during the period under review, to suffering industry and imperilled capital. One case at least must not be left wholly without notice. The farmers of the country have suffered for a series of years with their landlords, but usually beyond their landlords, and from causes which it is not altogether easy to trace. The law cannot give prosperity; but it can remove grievance. By changes in the law, the occupiers of the soil have been saved from the ravages (such they often were) of ground game. In the repeal of the malt tax there has disappeared what had been commonly proclaimed to be their heaviest wrong. The tithe-owner, clerical or lay, no longer abstracts the tenth sheaf, which

may often have represented the whole nett value of an improvement. Claims of the landlord for the recovery of rent, which were found to operate unjustly (I refer particularly to the law of hypothec in Scotland) have been abolished. And more than all these, the title of the farmer to the fruit of his legitimate investments in his holding has, though only a few years back, obtained efficient protection.

Long as is this list, it is not less incomplete than long. Two or three of its gaps must be filled up. The new and stringent act for the reduction of the expenses of Parliamentary elections is both a law for virtue against vice of the most insinuating kind, and a law for the free popular choice of representatives as against the privilege and monopoly of the rich. Women have been admitted to new public duties, which they have proved their perfect capacity to discharge, and their property and earnings in the married state have been protected. Prying for a moment into a hidden corner of the statute-book, I remind the reader that at the date of the first "Locksley Hall" no woman could by law obtain the slightest aid towards the support of an illegitimate child, wherever the father was a soldier. This shameful enactment has been abolished. The members of the two Houses of Parliament used to find in that membership a cover from the payment of their lawful debts. This shelter they have lost. The application of the elective principle to municipal corporations has advanced our towns to a higher civilization, and has exhibited in many instances, of which Mr. Chamberlain is the most brilliant and famous name, the capacity of local government to develop the political faculty, and confer imperial education. The repeal of the navigation laws was effected in 1849, amidst a howl of prophecies that it would be found to have involved not merely the destruction of a "harassed interest," but the downfall of our national defence. The result of the new law, in combination with the great change in shipbuilding from wood to iron, was that the "harassed interest" has been strengthened, a noble art improved, the character of the service refined and reformed, the tonnage multiplied, and a new position given to Great Britain as the first among the shipbuilding countries of the world. If we look now to the vital subject of the relations between the two islands, we come on the brink of controversies I would rather avoid; and I do not forget that there is one epoch of our history with which the names of Pitt and Fox and Burke and every statesman of

their day are alike associated, but which as yet we have not rivalled. Drawing comparisons only from the time that followed 1782 and 1783, I venture to assert that only since 1829, and chiefly within the latter part of this period, has right begun, though with a chequered history, manfully to assert itself against wrong, in the management and government of Ireland.

This work of legislation, so vast and so varied, has been upon the whole an impartial work. Many and many a time, not only have its promoters had to face powerful and obstinate opposition, but they have not been cheered in their work by the public opinion of the moment, and have had their faith and patience exercised by reliance only on the future. And it has been seen in strengthening police and prison discipline, in legislation for public order, and in the radical reformation of the poor laws, that unpopular as well as popular work has been done, and well done, when it came to hand.

And the wholesome breath of the nation has, during this period, purified not only the legislative but the administrative atmosphere. Let me record to the honor of Lord Liverpool a great practical reform. He dealt a deadly blow at the fatal mischief of Parliamentary influence in the departmental promotions of the Civil Service, by placing them under the respective heads. Sir Robert Peel, as I knew him, was a thorough and inflexible practical reformer. Sir James Graham was a true genius of administration. I look upon the quarter of a century preceding the Crimean war as the best period of all our history with regard to economy, purity, and administrative energy. But there were very great subjects, then scarcely touched, on which only the *afflatus* of the nation could dissipate the hostile forces of profession and of clique. Good work was being done in many ways; but it required time. We had had the press-gang used at discretion as the ultimate instrument of supplying men, when wanted, for the navy; incredible, but true. It is now a thing of the past. We had flogging as the standing means of maintaining the discipline of the army, and destroying the self-respect of the soldier. Despite professional authority, which in certain classes of question is the worst of guides, the profane hands of uninstructed reformers have pulled this Gagon to the ground, and he has shivered into splinters. The government at its discretion, opened, when it chose to see cause, letters confided to the post-office. This bad practice has died out. The officers of the army were

introduced and promoted by purchase; and that system, under which at one time the Duke of Wellington so desponded as to military promotion that he wished for a commissionership in a revenue department, made the business of supplying brains for the army the property of the long purses of the country. The Parliamentary defenders of the system, which involved the daily practice of patent and gross illegality, held their ground with a persistency which would have been worthy even of the British officer in the field. But it was swept away by an act of the executive; the army became the nation's army, and what was done in vindication of the law has received a splendid vindication in point of policy from a conspicuous and vast advance in military efficiency since the date of the great army reforms. So also in the civil establishments of the country. The members of the House of Commons have freely given up their respective shares of the patronage, which the friends of each successive administration habitually exercised through the Treasury; and a wide career of unequalled security, with emoluments undoubtedly liberal for the average of good service, and with the moral certainty of fair play in promotion, has been opened to character and talent throughout the land without distinction of class.

If, now, we look to what has happened over sea, and to our country's share in it, the view is in many respects satisfactory, and the period is in all remarkable. I speak with respect of the East India Company, and with a deep admiration of the statesmen who were reared under its shade. The transfer of the government of the vast dominion in 1858 was not an unmingled good. But upon the whole it was the letting in of a flood of light upon a shadowed region. If since that time evil things have been done, it has not been at the instigation or with the sanction of the country. The Company had the merits and the faults of a conservative institution. The new feeling and new methods towards the natives are such as humanity rejoices in. They are due to the nation, and are intimately associated with the legislative change. It is no small matter if, though much may yet remain to do, progress has been made in the discharge of a debt, where the creditors are two hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-creatures, each of them with a deep and individual concern. With respect, again, to the great and ever-growing colonial empire of the queen, the change has been yet more marked. Before Lord

Grey's Reform Act, colonies were governed in and from Downing Street. An adherence to the methods then in use would undoubtedly before this time have split the empire. The substitution of government from within for government from without has brought all difficulties within manageable bounds, and has opened a new era of content which is also consolidation.

But the period has also been a great period for Europe. The Treaty of Vienna, in the main, had consecrated with solemn forms a great process of reaction, and had trampled under foot every national aspiration. The genius of Mr. Canning moved upon far other lines; and his efforts, especially in Portugal and Greece, made preparation for a better day, and for the vigorous action of his disciple Lord Palmerston. Nationalities have suffered, and in some places suffer still. But if we compare this with other periods of history, never have they had such a golden age. Belgium set free, Germany consolidated, Portugal and Spain assisted in all such efforts as they have made for free government, Italy reconstituted, Hungary replaced in the enjoyment of its historic rights, Greece enlarged by the addition of the Ionian Islands and of Thessaly, ten millions of Christians under Ottoman rule in communities that once had an historic name, restored in the main to freedom, to progress, and to hope; to say nothing of reforms and changes, many of them conspicuously beneficial, in other vast populations,—these are events, of which we may reverently say, "Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their voices unto the ends of the world."* If these things are as good as they are unquestionably great, nay if, being so great, they have real goodness at all to boast of, then it is comforting to bear in mind that in by far the greater number of them the British influence has been felt, that in some of them it has held a foremost place, and that if in any of them the note uttered has not been true, it has belied the sentiment of the nation, made known so soon as the forms of the constitution allowed it an opportunity of choice. Wars have not been extinguished; they have been too frequent; and rumors of wars have grown to be scarcely less bad than the reality. Yet there have been manifestations, in act as well as word, of a desire for a better state

of things; and we did homage, in the Alabama case, to the principle of a peaceful arbitration, at the cost, ungrudgingly borne by the people, of three millions of money.

I have not dwelt in these pages upon the commerce of the United Kingdom, augmented fivefold in a term of years not sufficient to double its population, or of the enormous augmentation of its wealth. One reference to figures may however be permitted. It is that which exhibits the recent movement of crime in this country. For the sake of brevity I use round numbers in stating it. Happily the facts are too broad to be seriously mistaken.* In 1870, the United Kingdom with a population of about 31,700,000 had about 18,000 criminals, or one in 1,760. In 1884, with a population of 36,000,000 it had 14,000 criminals, or one in 2,500. And as there are some among us who conceive Ireland to be a sort of pandemonium, it may be well to mention (and I have the hope that Wales might, on the whole, show as clean a record) that with a population of (say) 5,100,000 Ireland (in 1884) had 1,573 criminals, or less than one in 3,200.

If now I set out upon chronicling the actual misdeeds of the legislature during the last half-century, and deal not with temporary but with permanent acts, the task is a very easy one. Were I recording my own sentiments only, I should set down the Divorce Act as an error; but I conceive it has the approval of a majority. I should add the Public Worship Act, but that it is fast passing into desuetude; and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, which ended its mute and ignominious existence in an early repeal. If these were errors, and some would deny it, what are they in comparison with the good laws of the time?

If we look for sins of omission, it is indeed undeniable that the public business is more and more felt to be behindhand. What we call arrears, however, were arrears in the beginning of the century; only they were then unfelt arrears. For my own part, I believe that the cause and prospective cure of these arrears lies in a single word. That word is Ireland. But Ireland at this moment means controversy, and for the purposes of this paper I regard it as forbidden ground.

There is one serious subject which, as it is commonly understood, falls neither under the head of legislation nor of administration, while it partakes of both. Within our memory, and especially within the last twenty years, we have seen a large

* I do not mention the important episode of the Crimean War, because it would require more space than this very summary statement would allow to exhibit its true character in point of policy; which I conceive to have been that it was an attempt, not wholly unsuccessful, to apply European authority towards keeping the peace of Europe.

* The figures are subject to a small deduction on account of acts passed to extend the jurisdiction of minor courts.

and general growth of the public expenditure. It may now be stated in round numbers at ninety millions. It has grown, since 1830, much more rapidly than the population. Fully to exhibit this growth we should deduct the charge for debt and repayment of debt. After this has been done it will appear that what may be called the optional expenditure has more than trebled within fifty years, while the population has less than doubled. Against this it may be said that in the defensive services we have greater efficiency; that changes of armament have been costly; and that the vast augmentation in Continental forces compelled a certain degree of upward movement; while, in the civil services, provision has undoubtedly been made for a multitude of real wants, formerly undreamt of. Let all reasonable allowance be granted accordingly. It will still remain true, first, that this growth has been in many cases forced by the House of Commons, of which the first duty is to curtail it; secondly, that the appetite, to which it is, in my opinion, partly due, is as yet unsated and menaces further demands; thirdly, that promises of retrenchment given to the country on the abolition of purchase in 1871 by the government of the day have not been redeemed; fourthly, that the dangerous invasion by the House of Commons of the province of the executive with regard to expenditure betokens a prevailing indifference to the subject in the country. It is true, however, that, though our expenditure is greatly swollen, our finance is not demoralized. The public credit has been vigorously maintained; our debt (since 1816) has been reduced by more than one hundred and fifty millions, and we no longer enjoy the melancholy distinction of being the most indebted people in the world. But on the whole I am unable to deny that the State and the nation have lost ground with respect to the great business of controlling the public charge, and I rejoice in any occurrence which may give a chance, however slender, of regaining it.

Let us not, however, overstate the matter. It is an item in the account, but an item only. There is an *ascensus Averni* for the nation, if it will face the hill. The general balance of the present survey is not disturbed.

It is perhaps of interest to turn from such dry outlines as may be sketched by the aid of almanacks to those more delicate gradations of the social movement, which in their detail are indeterminate and almost fugitive, but which in their mass may be apprehended and made the sub-

ject of record. The gross and cruel sports, which were rampant in other days, have almost passed from view, and are no longer national. Where they remain, they have submitted to forms of greater refinement. Pugilism, which ranges between manliness and brutality, and which in the days of my boyhood on its greatest celebrations almost monopolized the space of journals of the highest order, is now rare, modest, and unobtrusive. But, if less exacting in the matter of violent physical excitements, the nation attaches not less but more value to corporal education, and for the schoolboy and the man alike athletics are becoming an ordinary incident of life. Under the influence of better conditions of living, and probably of increased self-respect, mendicity, except in seasons of special distress, has nearly disappeared. If our artisans combine (as they well may) partly to uphold their wages, it is also greatly with the noble object of keeping all the members of their enormous class independent of public alms. They have forwarded the cause of self-denial, and manfully defended themselves even against themselves, by promoting restraints upon the traffic in strong liquors. In districts where they are most advanced, they have fortified their position by organized co-operation in supply; and the capitalist will have no jealousy of their competition, should they succeed in showing that they can on a scale of sensible magnitude assume a portion of his responsibilities, either on the soil or in the workshop.

Not are the beneficial changes of the last half-century confined to the masses. Swearing and duelling, established until a recent date almost as institutions of the country, have nearly disappeared from the face of society; the first a gradual change; the second one not less sudden than it was marvellous, and one happily not followed by the social trespasses which it was not wholly unreasonable to apprehend from its abolition. Serious as opposed to idle life has become a reality, and a great reality, in quarters open to peculiar temptation; for example, among the officers of the army, and at our public schools, which are among the most marked and national of our institutions. The clergy of the Anglican Church have been not merely improved, but transformed; and have greatly enlarged their influence during a time when voluntary and Nonconforming effort, within their province and beyond it, and most of all in Scotland, has achieved its noblest triumphs. At the same time, that disposition to lay bare public mischiefs and drag them into the light of day,

which, though liable to exaggeration, has perhaps been our best distinction among the nations, has become more resolute than ever. The multiplication and better formation of the institutions of benevolence among us are but symptomatic indications of a wider and deeper change; a silent but more extensive and practical acknowledgment of the great second commandment, of the duties of wealth to poverty, of strength to weakness, of knowledge to ignorance, in a word of man to man. And the sum of the matter seems to be that upon the whole, and in a degree, we who lived fifty, sixty, seventy years back, and are living now, have lived into a gentler time; that the public conscience has grown more tender, as indeed was very needful; and that, in matters of practice, at sight of evils formerly regarded with indifference or even connivance, it now not only winces but rebels; that upon the whole the race has been reaping, and not scattering; earning, and not wasting; and that, without its being said that the old prophet is wrong, it may be said that the young prophet was unquestionably right.

But do not let us put to hazard his lessons, by failing to remember that every blessing has its drawbacks and every age its dangers. I wholly reserve my judgment on changes now passing in the world of thought, and of inward conviction. I confine myself to what is nearer the surface; and further, I exclude from view all that regards the structure and operation of political party. So confining myself, I observe that, in the sphere of the State, the business of the last half-century has been in the main a process of setting free the individual man, that he may work out his vocation without wanton hindrance, as his Maker will have him do. If, instead of this, government is to work out his vocation for him, I for one am not sanguine as to the result. Let us beware of that imitative luxury which is tempting all of us to ape our betters. Let us remember, that in our best achievements lie hid the seeds of danger; and beware lest the dethronement of custom to make place for right should displace along with it that principle of reverence which bestows a discipline absolutely invaluable in the formation of character. We have had plutocrats who were patterns of every virtue, as may well be said in an age which has known Samuel Morley; but let us be jealous of plutocracy, and of its tendency to infect aristocracy, its elder and nobler sister; and learn, if we can, to hold by or get back to some regard for

simplicity of life. Let us respect the ancient manners; and recollect that, if the true soul of chivalry has died among us, with it all that is good in society has died. Let us cherish a sober mind; take for granted that in our best performances there are latent many errors which in their own time will come to light; and thank our present teacher for reminding us in his stately words: *—

Forward, then, but still remember, how the course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward-streaming curve.

And now a closing word. There is a circle of elect spirits, to whom the whole strain of this paper will, it is most likely, seem to be beside the mark. A criticism on the new volume in the *Spectator*,† bearing the signs of a master hand, justly (as I think) praises the chief poem, in a temper unalloyed by the fears which weaker men may entertain, lest by other men weaker still it may be taken for a deliberate authoritative estimate of the time, and if so taken may be made and excused for the indulgence of the opposite but often concurring weaknesses of a carping and also of a morbid temper. If I understand the criticism rightly, it finds a perfect harmony, a true equation, between the two "Locksley Halls;" the warmer picture due to the ample vitality of the prophet's youth, and the colder one not less due to the stunted vitality of his age. In passing I may just observe that this stunted vitality can strike like a spent cannon-ball. But at all events we must in this view not merely accept, we must carry along with us in living consciousness, the proposition that the poems are purely subjective; that they do not deal with the outward world at all; that their imagery is like the perception of color by the eye, and tells us only our own impression of the thing, not at all the thing itself. Provided with this *mōlu*,‡ we can safely confront any Circe, and defy all her works. But it is not a specific that all men are able to "keep in stock;" and, for such as have it not, the minutes spent upon this roughly drawn paper will possibly not have been wasted, if it shall have helped to show them that their country is still young as well as old, and that in these latest days it has not been unworthy of itself. Justice does not require, nay rather she forbids, that the jubilee of the queen be marred by tragic tones.

* New Locksley Hall, p. 32.

† Of December 18, 1886.

‡ *Odyssey* x. 305.